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REBECCA, THE DRUMMER

(A True Story of the War of 1812.)

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

IT was about nine o'clock in the morning when the ship first appeared. At once there was the greatest excitement in the village. It was a British war-ship. What would she do? Would she tack about in the bay to pick up stray coasters as prizes, or would she land soldiers to burn the town? In either case there would be trouble enough.

Those were sad days, those old war-times in 1812. The sight of a British war-ship in Boston Bay was not pleasant. We were poor then, and had no monitors to go out and sink the enemy or drive him off. Our navy was small, and, though we afterwards had the victory and sent the troublesome ships away, never to return, at that time they often came near enough, and the good people in the little village of Scituate Harbor were in great distress over the strange ship that had appeared at the mouth of the harbor.

It was a fishing-place in those days, and the harbor was full of smacks and boats of all kinds. The soldiers could easily enter the harbor and burn up everything, and no one could prevent them. There were men enough to make a good fight, but they were poorly armed, and had nothing but fowling-pieces and shot-guns, while the soldiers had muskets and cannon.

The tide was down during the morning, so that there was no danger for a few hours; and all the people went out on the cliffs and beaches to watch the ship and to see what would happen next.

On the end of the low, sandy spit that makes one side of the harbor, stood the little white tower known as Scituate Light. In the house behind the light lived the keeper's family, consisting of him-

self, wife, and several boys and girls. At the time the ship appeared, the keeper was away, and there was no one at home save Mrs. Bates, the eldest daughter, Rebecca, about fourteen years old, two of the little boys, and a young girl named Sarah Winsor, who was visiting Rebecca.

Rebecca had been the first to discover the ship, while she was up in the light-house tower polishing the reflector. She at once descended the steep stairs and sent off the boys to the village to give the alarm.

For an hour or two, the ship tacked and stood off to sea, then tacked again, and made for the shore. Men, women and children watched her with anxious interest. Then the tide turned and began to flow into the harbor. The boats aground on the flats floated, and those in deep water swung round at their moorings. Now the soldiers would probably land. If the people meant to save anything it was time to be stirring. Boats were hastily put out from the wharf, and such clothing, nets and other valuables as could be handled were brought ashore, loaded into hay carts, and carried away.

It was of no use to resist. The soldiers, of course, were well armed, and if the people made a stand among the houses, that would not prevent the enemy from destroying the shipping.

As the tide spread out over the sandy flats it filled the harbor so that, instead of a small channel, it became a wide and beautiful bay. The day was fine, and there was a gentle breeze rippling the water and making it sparkle in the sun. What a splendid day for fishing or sailing! Not much use

to think of either while that war-ship crossed and recrossed before the harbor mouth.

About two o'clock the tide reached high water mark, and, to the dismay of the people, the ship let go her anchor, swung her yards round, and lay quiet about half-a-mile from the first cliff. They were going to land to burn the town. With their spy-glasses the people could see the boats lowered to take the soldiers ashore.

Ah! then there was confusion and uproar. Every horse in the village was put into some kind of team, and the women and children were hurried off to the woods behind the town. The men would stay and offer as brave a resistance as possible. Their guns were light and poor, but they could use the old fish-houses as a fort, and perhaps make a brave fight of it. If worse came to worse, they could at least retreat and take to the shelter of the woods.

It was a splendid sight. Five large boats, manned by sailors, and filled with soldiers in gay red coats. How their guns glittered in the sun! The oars all moved together in regular order, and the officers in their fine uniforms stood up to direct the expedition. It was a courageous company come with a war-ship and cannon to fight helpless fishermen.

So Rebecca Bates and Sarah Winsor thought, as they sat up in the light-house tower looking down on the procession of boats as it went past the point and entered the harbor.

"Oh! if I only were a man!" cried Rebecca.

"What could you do? See what a lot of them; and look at their guns!"

"I don't care. I'd fight. I'd use father's old shot-gun—anything. Think of uncle's new boat and the sloop!"

"Yes; and all the boats."

"It's too bad; is n't it?"

"Yes; and to think we must sit here and see it all and not lift a finger to help."

"Do you think there will be a fight?"

"I don't know. Uncle and father are in the village, and they will do all they can."

"See how still it is in town. There's not a man to be seen."

"Oh, they are hiding till the soldiers get nearer. Then we'll hear the shots and the drum."

"The drum! How can they? It's here. Father brought it home to mend it last night."

"Did he? Oh! then let's——"

"See, the first boat has reached the sloop. Oh! They are going to burn her."

"Is n't it mean?"

"It's too bad!—too——"

"Where is that drum?"

"It's in the kitchen."

"I've a great mind to go down and beat it."

"What good would that do?"

"Scare 'em."

"They'd see it was only two girls, and they would laugh and go on burning just the same."

"No. We could hide behind the sand hills and the bushes. Come, let's——"

"Oh, look! look! The sloop's afire!"

"Come, I can't stay and see it any more. The cowardly Britishers to burn the boats! Why don't they go up to the town and fight like——"

"Come, let's get the drum. It'll do no harm; and perhaps——"

"Well, let's. There's the fife, too; we might take that with us."

"Yes; and we'll——"

No time for further talk. Down the steep stairs of the tower rushed these two young patriots, bent on doing what they could for their country. They burst into the kitchen like a whirlwind, with rosy cheeks and flying hair. Mrs. Bates sat sorrowfully gazing out of the window at the scene of destruction going on in the harbor, and praying for her country and that the dreadful war might soon be over. She could not help. Son and husband were shouldering their poor old guns in the town, and there was nothing to do but to watch and wait and pray.

Not so the two girls. They meant to do something, and, in a fever of excitement, they got the drum and took the cracked fife from the bureau drawer. Mrs. Bates, intent on the scene outside, did not heed them, and they slipped out by the back door, unnoticed.

They must be careful, or the soldiers would see them. They went round back of the house to the north and towards the outside beach, and then turned and plowed through the deep sand just above high-water mark. They must keep out of sight of the boats, and of the ship, also. Luckily, she was anchored to the south of the light; and as the beach curved to the west, they soon left her out of sight. Then they took to the water side, and, with the drum between them, ran as fast as they could towards the mainland. Presently they reached the low heaps of sand that showed where the spit joined the fields and woods.

Panting and excited, they tightened up the drum and tried the fife softly.

"You take the fife, Sarah, and I'll drum."

"All right; but we must n't stand still. We must march along the shore towards the light."

"Wont they see us?"

"No; we'll walk next the water on the outside beach."

"Oh, yes; and they'll think it's soldiers going down to the Point to head 'em off."

"Just so. Come, begin! One, two,—one, two!"
Drum! drum!! drum!!!

Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!

"For'ard—march!"

"Ha! ha!"

The fife stopped.

"Don't laugh. You'll spoil everything, and I
can't pucker my lips."

Drum! drum!! drum!!!

Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!

The men in the town heard it and were amazed
beyond measure. Had the soldiers arrived from
Boston? What did it mean? Who were coming?

Louder and louder on the breeze came the roll
of a sturdy drum and the sound of a brave fife.
The soldiers in the boats heard the noise and
paused in their work of destruction. The officers
ordered everybody into the boats in the greatest
haste. The people were rising! They were com-
ing down the Point with cannons, to head them
off! They would all be captured, and perhaps
hung by the dreadful Americans!

How the drum rolled! The fife changed its
tune. It played "Yankee Doodle,"—that horrid
tune! Hark! The men were cheering in the
town; there were thousands of them in the woods
along the shore!

In grim silence marched the two girls,—plodding
over the sharp stones, splashing through the puddles,—Rebecca beating the old drum with might
and main, Sarah blowing the fife with shrill deter-
mination.

How the Britishers scrambled into their boats!
One of the brave officers was nearly left behind on
the burning sloop. Another fell overboard and
wet his good clothes, in his haste to escape from
the American army marching down the beach—a
thousand strong! How the sailors pulled! No

fancy rowing now, but desperate haste to get out
of the place and escape to the ship.

How the people yelled and cheered on the shore!
Fifty men or more jumped into boats to prepare
for the chase. Ringing shots began to crack over
the water.

Louder and louder rolled the terrible drum.
Sharp and clear rang out the cruel fife.

Nearly exhausted, half dead with fatigue, the
girls toiled on,—tearful, laughing, ready to drop
on the wet sand, and still beating and blowing with
fiery courage.

The boats swept swiftly out of the harbor on the
outgoing tide. The fishermen came up with the
burning boats. Part stopped to put out the fires,
and the rest pursued the flying enemy with such
shots as they could get at them. In the midst of
it all, the sun went down.

The red-coats did not return a shot. They ex-
pected every minute to see a thousand men open
on them at short range from the beach, and they
reserved their powder.

Out of the harbor they went in confusion and
dismay. The ship weighed anchor and ran out
her big guns, but did not fire a shot. Dark-
ness fell down on the scene as the boats reached
the ship. Then she sent a round shot towards the
light. It fell short and threw a great fountain of
white water into the air.

The girls saw it, and dropping their drum and
fife, sat down on the beach and laughed till they
cried.

That night the ship sailed away. The great
American army of two had arrived, and she thought
it wise to retreat in time!

Rebecca is still living, old and feeble in body,
but brave in spirit and strong in patriotism. She
told this story herself to the writer, and it is true.



THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT.

(From the Spanish.)

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A SERPENT saw an eagle gain,
 On soaring wing, a mountain height,
 And envied him, and crawled with pain
 To where he saw the bird alight.
 So fickle fortune oftentimes
 Befriends the cunning and the base,
 And oft the groveling reptile climbs
 Up to the eagle's lofty place.

BABY SYLVESTER

BY BRET HARTE.



IT was at a little mining camp in the California Sierras that he first dawned upon me in all his grotesque sweetness.

I had arrived early in the morning, but not in time to intercept the friend who was the object of my visit. He had gone "prospecting,"—so they told me on the river—and would not probably return until

late in the afternoon. They could not say what direction he had taken; they could not suggest that I would be likely to find him if I followed. But it was the general opinion that I had better wait.

I looked around me. I was standing upon the bank of the river; and, apparently, the only other human beings in the world were my interlocutors, who were even then just disappearing from my horizon down the steep bank toward the river's dry bed. I approached the edge of the bank.

Where could I wait?

O, anywhere; down with them on the river-bar, where they were working, if I liked! Or I could make myself at home in any of those cabins that I found lying round loose. Or, perhaps it would be cooler and pleasanter for me in my friend's cabin on the hill. Did I see those three large sugar-pines? And, a little to the right, a canvas roof and chimney over the bushes? Well, that was my friend's,—that was Dick Sylvester's cabin. I could stake my horse in that little hollow, and just hang round there till he came. I would find some books in the shanty; I could amuse myself with them. Or I could play with the baby.

Do what?

But they had already gone. I leaned over the bank and called after their vanishing figures:

"What did you say I could do?"

The answer floated slowly up on the hot, sluggish air:

"Pla-a-y with the ba-by."

The lazy echoes took it up and tossed it languidly from hill to hill, until Bald Mountain opposite made some incoherent remark about the baby, and then all was still.

I must have been mistaken. My friend was not a man of family; there was not a woman within

forty miles of the river camp; he never was so passionately devoted to children as to import a luxury so expensive. I must have been mistaken.

I turned my horse's head toward the hill. As we slowly climbed the narrow trail, the little settlement might have been some exhumed Pompeian suburb, so deserted and silent were its habitations. The open doors plainly disclosed each rudely-furnished interior,—the rough pine table, with the scant equipage of the morning meal still standing; the wooden bunk, with its tumbled and disheveled blankets. A golden lizard—the very genius of desolate stillness—had stopped breathless upon the threshold of one cabin; a squirrel peeped impudently into the window of another; a woodpecker, with the general flavor of undertaking which distinguishes that bird, withheld his sepulchral hammer from the coffin-lid of the roof on which he was professionally engaged, as we passed. For a moment, I half-regretted that I had not accepted the invitation to the river-bed; but, the next moment, a breeze swept up the long, dark cañon, and the waiting files of the pines beyond bent toward me in salutation. I think my horse understood as well as myself that it was the cabins that made the solitude human, and therefore unbearable, for he quickened his pace, and with a gentle trot brought me to the edge of the wood and the three pines that stood like videttes before the Sylvester outpost.

Unsaddling my horse in the little hollow, I unslung the long *riata* from the saddle-bow, and tethering him to a young sapling, turned toward the cabin. But I had gone only a few steps when I heard a quick trot behind me, and poor Pomposo, with every fibre tingling with fear, was at my heels. I looked hurriedly around. The breeze had died away, and only an occasional breath from the deep-chested woods, more like a long sigh than any articulate sound, or the dry singing of a cicala in the heated cañon, were to be heard. I examined the ground carefully for rattlesnakes, but in vain. Yet here was Pomposo shivering from his arched neck to his sensitive haunches, his very flanks pulsating with terror. I soothed him as well as I could, and then walked to the edge of the wood and peered into its dark recesses. The bright flash of a bird's wing, or the quick dart of a squirrel, was all I saw. I confess it was with something of superstitious expectation that I again turned toward the cabin. A fairy child, attended by Titania and her train, lying in an expensive cradle, would not have surprised me; a Sleeping Beauty, whose awakening would have repeopled these solitudes with life and energy, I am afraid I began to confidently look for, and would have kissed without hesitation.

But I found none of these. Here was the evi-

dence of my friend's taste and refinement in the hearth swept scrupulously clean, in the picturesque arrangement of the fur skins that covered the floor and furniture, and the striped *serape** lying on the wooden couch. Here were the walls fancifully papered with illustrations from the *London News*; here was the wood-cut portrait of Mr. Emerson over the chimney, quaintly framed with blue jays' wings; here were his few favorite books on the swinging shelf; and here, lying upon the couch, the latest copy of *Punch*. Dear Dick! The flour-sack was sometimes empty, but the gentle satirist seldom missed his weekly visit.

I threw myself on the couch and tried to read. But I soon exhausted my interest in my friend's library, and lay there staring through the open door on the green hillside beyond. The breeze again sprang up, and a delicious coolness, mixed with the rare incense of the woods, stole through the cabin. The slumbrous droning of bumble-bees outside the canvas roof, the faint cawing of rooks on the opposite mountain, and the fatigue of my morning ride, began to droop my eyelids. I pulled the *serape* over me, as a precaution against the freshening mountain breeze, and in a few moments was asleep.

I do not remember how long I slept. I must have been conscious, however, during my slumber, of my inability to keep myself covered by the *serape*, for I awoke once or twice, clutching it with a despairing hand as it was disappearing over the foot of the couch. Then I became suddenly aroused to the fact that my efforts to retain it were resisted by some equally persistent force, and, letting it go, I was horrified at seeing it swiftly drawn under the couch. At this point I sat up completely awake; for immediately after, what seemed to be an exaggerated muzz began to emerge from under the couch. Presently it appeared fully, dragging the *serape* after it. There was no mistaking it now—it was a baby bear. A mere suckling, it was true,—a helpless roll of fat and fur,—but, unmistakably, a grizzly cub.

I cannot recall anything more irresistibly ludicrous than its aspect as it slowly raised its small wondering eyes to mine. It was so much taller on its haunches than its shoulders,—its fore-legs were so disproportionately small,—that in walking, its hind-feet invariably took precedence. It was perpetually pitching forward over its pointed, inoffensive nose, and recovering itself always, after these involuntary somersaults, with the gravest astonishment. To add to its preposterous appearance, one of its hind-feet was adorned by a shoe of Sylvester's, into which it had accidentally and inextricably stepped. As this somewhat impeded its first im-

* A fine Mexican blanket, used as an outer garment for riding.

pulse to fly, it turned to me; and then, possibly recognizing in the stranger the same species as its master, it paused. Presently, it slowly raised itself on its hind-legs, and vaguely and deprecatingly waved a baby paw, fringed with little hooks of steel. I took the paw and shook it gravely. From that moment we were friends. The little affair of the *serape* was forgotten.

Nevertheless, I was wise enough to cement our friendship by an act of delicate courtesy. Following the direction of his eyes, I had no difficulty in

angles as one of Leda's offspring. Your caressing hand sank away in his fur with dreamy languor. To look at him long was an intoxication of the senses; to pat him was a wild delirium; to embrace him, an utter demoralization of the intellectual faculties.

When he had finished the sugar, he rolled out of the door with a half-diffident, half-inviting look in his eye, as if he expected me to follow. I did so, but the sniffing and snorting of the keen-scented Pomposo in the hollow, not only revealed the cause



"THERE WAS NO MISTAKING IT NOW—IT WAS A BABY BEAR."

finding, on a shelf near the ridge-pole, the sugar-box and the square lumps of white sugar that even the poorest miner is never without. While he was eating them I had time to examine him more closely. His body was a silky, dark, but exquisitely modulated grey, deepening to black in his paws and muzzle. His fur was excessively long, thick, and soft as eider down; the cushions of flesh beneath, perfectly infantine in their texture and contour. He was so very young that the palms of his half-human feet were still tender as a baby's. Except for the bright blue, steely hooks, half-sheathed in his little toes, there was not a single harsh outline or detail in his plump figure. He was as free from

of his former terror, but decided me to take another direction. After a moment's hesitation, he concluded to go with me, although I am satisfied, from a certain impish look in his eye, that he fully understood and rather enjoyed the fright of Pomposo. As he rolled along at my side, with a gait not unlike a drunken sailor, I discovered that his long hair concealed a leather collar around his neck, which bore for its legend the single word, "Baby!" I recalled the mysterious suggestion of the two miners. This, then, was the "baby" with whom I was to "play."

How we "played;" how Baby allowed me to roll him down hill, crawling and puffing up again

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each time, with perfect good humor; how he climbed a young sapling after my Panama hat, which I had "shied" into one of the topmost branches; how after getting it he refused to descend until it suited his pleasure; how when he did come down he persisted in walking about on three legs, carrying my hat, a crushed and shapeless mass, clasped to his breast with the remaining one; how I missed him at last, and finally discovered him seated on a table in one of the tenantless cabins, with a bottle of syrup between his paws, vainly endeavoring to extract its contents—these and other details of that eventful day I shall not weary the reader with now. Enough that when Dick Sylvester returned, I was pretty well fagged out, and the baby was rolled up, an immense bolster at the foot of the couch, asleep. Sylvester's first words after our greeting were :

"Is n't he delicious?"

"Perfectly. Where did you get him?"

"Lying under his dead mother, five miles from here," said Dick, lighting his pipe. "Knocked her over at fifty yards; perfectly clean shot—never moved afterwards! Baby crawled out, scared but unhurt. She must have been carrying him in her mouth, and dropped him when she faced me, for he was n't more than three days old, and not steady on his pins. He takes the only milk that comes to the settlement—brought up by Adams Express at seven o'clock every morning. They say he looks like me. Do you think so?" asked Dick, with perfect gravity, stroking his hay-colored moustachios, and evidently assuming his best expression.

I took leave of the baby early the next morning in Sylvester's cabin, and out of respect to Pomposo's feelings, rode by without any postscript of expression. But the night before I had made Sylvester solemnly swear, that in the event of any separation between himself and Baby, it should revert to me. "At the same time," he had added, "it's only fair to say that I don't think of dying just yet, old fellow, and I don't know of anything else that would part the cub and me."

Two months after this conversation, as I was turning over the morning's mail at my office in San Francisco, I noticed a letter bearing Sylvester's familiar hand. But it was post-marked "Stockton," and I opened it with some anxiety at once. Its contents were as follows :

O FRANK!—Don't you remember what we agreed upon aenent the baby? Well, consider me as dead for the next six months, or gone where cubs can't follow me—East. I know you love the baby; but do you think, dear boy,—now, really, do you think you could be a father to it? Consider this well. You are young, thoughtless, well-meaning enough; but dare you take upon yourself the functions of guide, genius or guardian to one so young and guileless? Could you be the mentor to this Telemachus? Think of the temptations of a metropolis. Look at the question well, and let me know speedily, for I've got him as far as this place, and he's kicking up an awful

row in the hotel-yard, and rattling his chain like a maniac. Let me know by telegraph at once.

SYLVESTER.

P. S.—Of course he's grown a little, and does n't take things always as quietly as he did. He dropped rather heavily on two of Watson's "purps" last week, and snatched old Watson himself, bald-headed, for interfering. You remember Watson: for an intelligent man, he knows very little of California fauna. How are you fixed for bears on Montgomery street,—I mean in regard to corrals and things?

P. P. S.—He's got some new tricks. The boys have been teaching him to put up his hands with them. He slings an ugly left.—S.

I am afraid that my desire to possess myself of Baby overcame all other considerations, and I telegraphed an affirmative at once to Sylvester. When I reached my lodgings late that afternoon, my landlady was awaiting me with a telegram. It was two lines from Sylvester :

All right. Baby goes down on night-boat. Be a father to him.—S.

It was due, then, at one o'clock that night. For a moment I was staggered at my own precipitation. I had as yet made no preparations,—had said nothing to my landlady about her new guest. I expected to arrange everything in time; and now, through Sylvester's indecent haste, that time had been shortened twelve hours.

Something, however, must be done at once. I turned to Mrs. Brown. I had great reliance in her maternal instincts; I had that still greater reliance, common to our sex, in the general tender-heartedness of pretty women. But I confess I was alarmed. Yet, with a feeble smile, I tried to introduce the subject with classical ease and lightness. I even said, "If Shakespeare's Athenian clown, Mrs. Brown, believed that a lion among ladies was a dreadful thing, what must ——" But here I broke down, for Mrs. Brown, with the awful intuition of her sex, I saw at once was more occupied with my manner than my speech. So I tried a business *brusquerie*, and, placing the telegram in her hand, said hurriedly, "We must do something about this at once. It's perfectly absurd, but he will be here at one to-night. Beg thousand pardons, but business prevented my speaking before ——" and paused, out of breath and courage.

Mrs. Brown read the telegram gravely, lifted her pretty eyebrows, turned the paper over and looked on the other side, and then, in a remote and chilling voice, asked me if she understood me to say that the mother was coming also.

"O dear no," I exclaimed, with considerable relief; "the mother is dead, you know. Sylvester—that is my friend, who sent this—shot her when the Baby was only three days old ——" But the expression of Mrs. Brown's face at this moment was so alarming, that I saw that nothing but the fullest explanation would save me. Hastily, and I fear not very coherently, I told her all.

She relaxed sweetly. She said I had frightened

her with my talk about lions. Indeed, I think my picture of poor Baby—albeit a trifle highly-colored—touched her motherly heart. She was even a little vexed at what she called Sylvester's “hard-heartedness.” Still, I was not without some apprehension. It was two months since I had seen him, and Sylvester's vague allusion to his “slinging an ugly left” pained me. I looked at sympathetic little Mrs. Brown, and the thought of Watson's pups covered me with guilty confusion.

Mrs. Brown had agreed to sit up with me until he arrived. One o'clock came, but no Baby. Two o'clock—three o'clock passed. It was almost four when there was a wild clatter of horses' hoofs outside, and with a jerk a wagon stopped at the door. In an instant I had opened it and confronted a stranger. Almost at the same moment, the horses attempted to run away with the wagon.

The stranger's appearance was, to say the least, disconcerting. His clothes were badly torn and frayed; his linen sack hung from his shoulders like a herald's apron; one of his hands was bandaged; his face scratched, and there was no hat on his disheveled head. To add to the general effect, he had evidently sought relief from his woes in drink, and he swayed from side to side as he clung to the door-handle; and, in a very thick voice, stated that he had “suthin” for me outside. When he had finished, the horses made another plunge.

Mrs. Brown thought they must be frightened at something.

“Frightened!” laughed the stranger, with bitter irony. “Oh no! Hossish aint frightened! On'y ran away four timesh comin' here. Oh no! Nobody's frightened. Everythin's all ri'. Aint it, Bill?” he said, addressing the driver. “On'y been overboard twish; knocked down a hatchway once. Thash nothin'! On'y two men unner doctor's han's at Stockton. Thash nothin'! Six hunner dollarash cover all dammish.”

I was too much disheartened to reply, but moved toward the wagon. The stranger eyed me with an astonishment that almost sobered him.

“Do you reckon to tackle that animile yourself?” he asked, as he surveyed me from head to foot.

I did not speak, but, with an appearance of boldness I was far from feeling, walked to the wagon and called “Baby!”

“All ri'. Cash loose them straps, Bill, and stan' clear.”

The straps were cut loose, and Baby—the remorseless, the terrible—quietly tumbled to the ground, and rolling to my side, rubbed his foolish head against me.

I think the astonishment of the two men was beyond any vocal expression. Without a word the

drunken stranger got into the wagon and drove away.

And Baby? He had grown, it is true, a trifle larger; but he was thin, and bore the marks of evident ill-usage. His beautiful coat was matted and unkempt, and his claws—those bright steel hooks—had been ruthlessly pared to the quick. His eyes were furtive and restless, and the old expression of stupid good humor had changed to one of intelligent distrust. His intercourse with mankind had evidently quickened his intellect without broadening his moral nature.

I had great difficulty in keeping Mrs. Brown from smothering him in blankets and ruining his digestion with the delicacies of her larder; but I at last got him completely rolled up in the corner of my room and asleep. I lay awake some time later with plans for his future. I finally determined to take him to Oakland, where I had built a little cottage and always spent my Sundays, the very next day. And in the midst of a rosy picture of domestic felicity, I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was broad day. My eyes at once sought the corner where Baby had been lying. But he was gone. I sprang from the bed, looked under it, searched the closet, but in vain. The door was still locked; but there were the marks of his blunted claws upon the sill of the window, that I had forgotten to close. He had evidently escaped that way—but where? The window opened upon a balcony, to which the only other entrance was through the hail. He must be still in the house.

My hand was already upon the bell-rope, but I stayed it in time. If he had not made himself known, why should I disturb the house? I dressed myself hurriedly, and slipped into the hall. The first object that met my eyes was a boot lying upon the stairs. It bore the marks of Baby's teeth; and as I looked along the hall, I saw too plainly that the usual array of freshly-blackened boots and shoes before the lodgers' doors was not there. As I ascended the stairs I found another, but with the blacking carefully licked off. On the third floor were two or three more boots, slightly mottled; but at this point Baby's taste for blacking had evidently palled. A little further on was a ladder, leading to an open scuttle. I mounted the ladder, and reached the flat roof, that formed a continuous level over the row of houses to the corner of the street. Behind the chimney on the very last roof something was lurking. It was the fugitive Baby. He was covered with dust and dirt and fragments of glass. But he was sitting on his hind-legs, and was eating an enormous slab of peanut candy, with a look of mingled guilt and infinite satisfaction. He even, I fancied, slightly stroked his stomach with his disengaged fore-paw, as I ap-

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proached. He knew that I was looking for him, and the expression of his eye said plainly, "The past, at least, is secure."

I hurried him, with the evidences of his guilt, back to the scuttle, and descended on tip-toe to the floor beneath. Providence favored us; I met no one on the stairs, and his own cushioned tread was inaudible. I think he was conscious of the dangers of detection, for he even forebore to breathe, or much less chew the last mouthful he had taken; and he skulked at my side, with the syrup dropping from his motionless jaws. I think he would have silently choked to death just then, for my sake; and it was not until I had reached my room again, and threw myself panting on the sofa, that I saw how near strangulation he had been. He gulped once or twice, apologetically, and then walked to the corner of his own accord, and rolled himself up like an immense sugar-plum, sweating remorse and treacle at every pore.

I locked him in when I went to breakfast, when I found Mrs. Brown's lodgers in a state of intense excitement over certain mysterious events of the night before, and the dreadful revelations of the morning. It appeared that burglars had entered the block from the scuttles; that being suddenly alarmed, they had quitted our house without committing any depredation, dropping even the boots they had collected in the halls; but that a desperate attempt had been made to force the till in the confectioner's shop on the corner, and that the glass show-cases had been ruthlessly smashed. A courageous servant in No. 4 had seen a masked burglar, on his hands and knees, attempting to enter their scuttle; but on her shouting, "Away wid yees," he instantly fled.

I sat through this recital with cheeks that burned uncomfortably; nor was I the less embarrassed on raising my eyes to meet Mrs. Brown's fixed curiously and mischievously on mine. As soon as I could make my escape from the table, I did so; and running rapidly up stairs, sought refuge from any possible inquiry in my own room. Baby was still asleep in the corner. It would not be safe to remove him until the lodgers had gone down town; and I was revolving in my mind the expediency of keeping him until night veiled his obtrusive eccentricity from the public eye, when there came a cautious tap at my door. I opened it. Mrs. Brown slipped in quietly, closed the door softly, stood with her back against it and her hand on the knob, and beckoned me mysteriously towards her. Then she asked, in a low voice:

"Is hair-dye poisonous?"

I was too confounded to speak.

"O do! you know what I mean," she said, impatiently. "This stuff." She produced suddenly

from behind her a bottle with a Greek label—so long as to run two or three times spirally around it from top to bottom. "He says it is n't a dye; it 's a vegetable preparation, for invigorating —"

"Who says?" I asked, despairingly.

"Why, Mr. Parker, of course," said Mrs. Brown, severely, with the air of having repeated the name a great many times,—"the old gentleman in the room above. The simple question I want to ask," she continued, with the calm manner of one who has just convicted another of gross ambiguity of language, "is only this: If some of this stuff were put in a saucer and left carelessly on the table, and a child or a baby or a cat, or any young animal, should come in at the window and drink it up—a whole saucer full—because it had a sweet taste, would it be likely to hurt them?"

I cast an anxious glance at Baby, sleeping peacefully in the corner, and a very grateful one at Mrs. Brown, and said I did n't think it would.

"Because," said Mrs. Brown, loftily, as she opened the door, "I thought if it was poisonous, remedies might be used in time. Because," she added suddenly, abandoning her lofty manner and wildly rushing to the corner, with a frantic embrace of the unconscious Baby, "because if any nasty stuff should turn its boofull hair a horrid green or a naughty pink, it would break its own muzzer's heart, it would!"

But before I could assure Mrs. Brown of the inefficiency of hair-dye as an internal application, she had darted from the room.

That night, with the secrecy of defaulters, Baby and I decamped from Mrs. Brown's. Distrusting the too emotional nature of that noble animal, the horse, I had recourse to a hand-cart, drawn by a stout Irishman, to convey my charge to the ferry. Even then, Baby refused to go unless I walked by the cart, and at times rode in it.

"I wish," said Mrs. Brown, as she stood by the door wrapped in an immense shawl, and saw us depart, "I wish it looked less solemn—less like a pauper's funeral."

I must admit, that as I walked by the cart that night, I felt very much as if I were accompanying the remains of some humble friend to his last resting-place; and that, when I was obliged to ride in it, I never could entirely convince myself that I was not helplessly overcome by liquor, or the victim of an accident, *en route* to the hospital. But, at last, we reached the ferry. On the boat I think no one discovered Baby except a drunken man, who approached me to ask for a light for his cigar, but who suddenly dropped it and fled in dismay to the gentlemen's cabin, where his incoherent ravings were luckily taken for the earlier indications of *delirium tremens*.

It was nearly midnight when I reached my little cottage on the outskirts of Oakland; and it was with a feeling of relief and security that I entered, locked the door, and turned him loose in the hall, satisfied that henceforward his depredations would be limited to my own property. He was very quiet that night, and after he had tried to mount the hat-rack, under the mistaken impression that it was intended for his own gymnastic exercise, and knocked all the hats off, he went peaceably to sleep on the rug.

In a week, with the exercise afforded him by the run of a large, carefully-boarded enclosure, he recovered his health, strength, spirits, and much of his former beauty. His presence was unknown to my neighbors, although it was noticeable that horses invariably "shied" in passing to the windward of my house, and that the baker and milkman had great difficulty in the delivery of their wares in the morning, and indulged in unseemly and unnecessary profanity in so doing.

At the end of the week, I determined to invite a few friends to see the Baby, and to that purpose wrote a number of formal invitations. After descanting, at some length, on the great expense and danger attending his capture and training, I offered a programme of the performances of the "Infant Phenomenon of Sierran Solitudes," drawn up into the highest professional profusion of alliteration and capital letters. A few extracts will give the reader some idea of his educational progress:

1. He will, rolled up in a Round Ball, roll down the Wood Shed, Rapidly, illustrating His manner of Escaping from His Enemy in His Native Wilds.
2. He will Ascend the Well Pole, and remove from the Very Top a Hat, and as much of the Crown and Brim thereof as May be Permitted.
3. He will perform in a pantomime, descriptive of the Conduct of the Big Bear, The Middle-Sized Bear, and The Little Bear of the Popular Nursery Legend.
4. He will shake his chain Rapidly, showing his Manner of striking Dismay and Terror in the Breasts of Wanderers in Ursine Wildernes.

The morning of the exhibition came, but an hour before the performance the wretched Baby was missing. The Chinese cook could not indicate his whereabouts. I searched the premises thoroughly, and then, in despair, took my hat and hurried out into the narrow lane that led toward the open fields and the woods beyond. But I found no trace nor track of Baby Sylvester. I returned, after an hour's fruitless search, to find my guests already assembled on the rear verandah. I briefly recounted my disappointment, my probable loss, and begged their assistance.

"Why," said a Spanish friend, who prided himself on his accurate knowledge of English, to Barker, who seemed to be trying vainly to rise from his reclining position on the verandah, "Why

do you not disengage yourself from the verandah of our friend? and why, in the name of Heaven, do you attach to yourself so much of this thing, and make to yourself such unnecessary contortion? Ah," he continued, suddenly withdrawing one of his own feet from the verandah with an evident effort, "I am myself attached! Surely it is something here!"

It evidently was. My guests were all rising with difficulty,—the floor of the verandah was covered with some glutinous substance. It was—syrup!

I saw it all in a flash. I ran to the barn; the keg of "golden syrup," purchased only the day before, lay empty upon the floor. There were sticky tracks all over the enclosure, but still no Baby.

"There's something moving the ground over there by that pile of dirt," said Barker.

He was right; the earth was shaking in one corner of the enclosure like an earthquake. I approached cautiously. I saw, what I had not before noticed, that the ground was thrown up; and there, in the middle of an immense grave-like cavity, crouched Baby Sylvester, still digging, and slowly, but surely, sinking from sight in a mass of dust and clay.

What were his intentions? Whether he was stung by remorse, and wished to hide himself from my reproachful eyes, or whether he was simply trying to dry his syrup-besmeared coat, I never shall know, for that day, alas! was his last with me.

He was pumped upon for two hours, at the end of which time he still yielded a thin treacle. He was then taken and carefully enwrapped in blankets and locked up in the store-room. The next morning he was gone! The lower portion of the window sash and pane were gone too. His successful experiments on the fragile texture of glass at the confectioner's, on the first day of his entrance to civilization, had not been lost upon him. His first essay at combining cause and effect ended in his escape.

Where he went, where he hid, who captured him if he did not succeed in reaching the foot-hills beyond Oakland, even the offer of a large reward, backed by the efforts of an intelligent police, could not discover. I never saw him again from that day until —

Did I see him? I was in a horse-car on Sixth avenue, a few days ago, when the horses suddenly became unmanageable and left the track for the sidewalk, amid the oaths and execrations of the driver. Immediately in front of the car a crowd had gathered around two performing bears and a showman. One of the animals—thin, emaciated, and the mere wreck of his native strength—attracted my attention. I endeavored to attract his

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He turned a pair of bleared, sightless eyes in my direction, but there was no sign of recognition. I leaned from the car-window and called, softly, "Baby!" But he did not heed. I closed the window. The car was just moving on, when he

suddenly turned, and, either by accident or design, thrust a callous paw through the glass.

"It's worth a dollar-and-half to put in a new pane," said the conductor, "if folks will play with bears! —"



SMALL VESSELS AND GREAT BUILDERS.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

PRESERVED with commendable pride by the people of England, are several beautiful little models of ships that were constructed by King William IV., long before he ascended the throne. He is often called England's "sailor king," because he spent the best years of his life in active service in the navy of his country, entering as a midshipman at thirteen years of age, and passing through its regular gradations to the exalted position of Lord High Admiral, which he did not reach till he was past fifty; not very long before he succeeded to the throne of England. He was a boy of earnest, practical character; and though the son of a king, surrounded by the pomp of royalty, he was noted for his simple, unostentatious habits.

While a midshipman, on board his frigate, he studied diligently, and performed with alacrity the duties assigned him; and for recreation in his leisure hours, he built a model of the ship in which he was sailing, and afterward made several others.

The first one was something less than four feet long; the second and third, each about thirty-four

inches; and all were beautifully executed, showing that the boy-builder knew what he was about, and meant to accomplish his work to the best of his ability. Every mast and yard was whittled out with as much care as if it had belonged to a real vessel; each bit of canvas was cut and sewed according to rule; and rigging, rattlings, and shrouds were as skillfully disposed as if the tiny craft had been expected soon to "hoist anchor" and bear away a living freight of men and women.

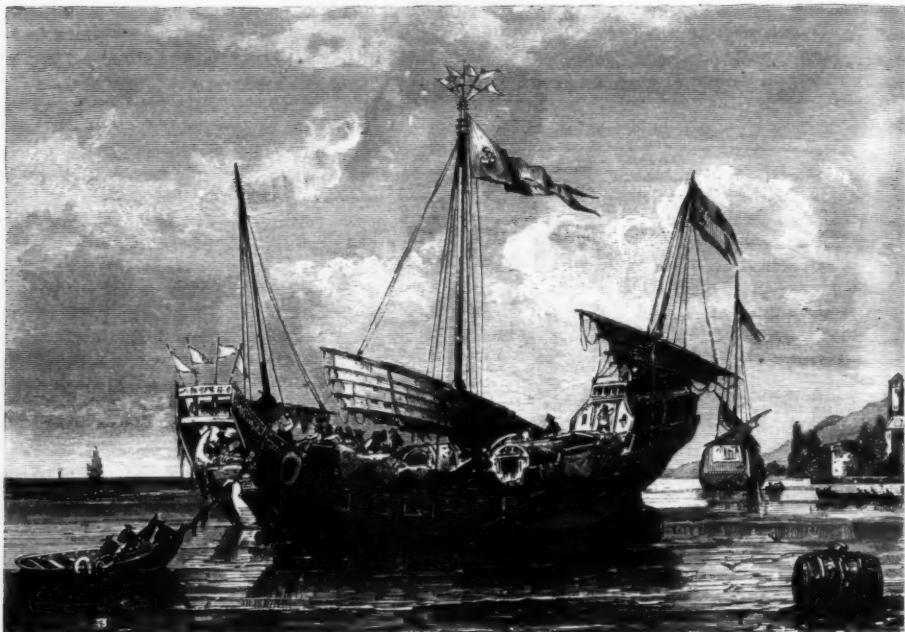
These models, built by England's "sailor king," in his young boyhood, are carefully preserved in the Royal Polytechnic Institution of London, where I have often seen them, in company with quite a variety of miniature crafts of different nations.

Another miniature model that I have often admired, is one built by the late King of Siam, who died about five years ago—the father of one, and the uncle of the other, of the two young princes now on the throne.

When I first met Prince Chau Fá Noi, he was about thirty-five years of age, the "heir apparent"

to the grandest of oriental monarchies, and surrounded by pomp and luxury of every kind. He lived in a fine palace, had hundreds of servants to wait upon him, and of the ten millions of people who live in that country, all who met him, with the single exception of the king, had to do him reverence as their liege lord. But though so rich and powerful, he studied to improve his mind; and to elevate the condition of his people, he worked with his own hands harder than did many of his serv-

articles of furniture of which they knew nothing, and provided the doctors with foreign medicines and surgical instruments, that are far better than those formerly used in the country. But especially was his kind heart touched with pity for the great number of poor sailors who lost their lives by making voyages in Chinese junks,—which, as you see by the picture below, are very clumsy and unwieldy ships,—and he determined to introduce better vessels. But first he must make a model,



A CHINESE JUNK.

ants, till his mind and character quite outshone his wealth and rank. He studied astronomy, drawing, mathematics and navigation, besides several European languages. Nor did he spend all his time with books; for his main design was not to gain the reputation of a scholar, but to help the nation, over whom he afterwards reigned, to become wiser and better. So he learned how to make watches and clocks, by taking several to pieces and putting them together again, and then afterwards he taught some of his servants to do the same. They succeeded so well, that now people in Siam do not have to send to Europe or America for watches and clocks, as formerly, but good time-pieces, made by natives, can be bought there nearly as cheaply as in our own country. This good prince also taught his people the use of many

and learn shipbuilding himself, in order to be able to teach others. So he went bravely to work, and, with his own hands, built a beautiful little barque, about four feet long. I have often seen and handled this miniature vessel, and both inside and out every part was complete and beautifully executed. In the cabin were state-rooms, with their tiny berths all ready for passengers; in the saloon were sofas, tables, and chairs; even lamps and mirrors; and the steward's pantry had its full complement of well-stored "lockers" and "cuddies." On deck, rigging, sails, and anchors were all in "ship-shape," and a dainty little capstan had the bars in, and the cable about it, ready to "haul up anchor" when the command should be given.

But all this was not meant for play, nor to show

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how nice a toy could be made by a prince. Its design was to teach shipbuilding to people who knew nothing about it; and as the things I have spoken of would all be needed in a real ship, they were included in the model.

This he afterwards took to pieces, and explained all the parts to some of his picked men, instructing them carefully how everything was to be made, first in miniature, and afterwards of full size, then how they were to be put together, and real, working ships made.

Almost any day during those months the prince might be found hard at work with his men in the ship-yard or at the dock, sometimes at the anvil or forge, the very busiest man in all that busy hive of cheerful, eager workers. I have often seen him there, in his old straw hat and linen jacket, his handsome face all aglow with exercise and happiness. When he afterwards became king, he was just as earnest a worker, in other ways, for the good of his people.

The only remaining model I shall describe to you here, is one carefully disposed in the large hall of our own Patent Office, at Washington.

It was the work of Abraham Lincoln, our late President, and bears the date of 1849, when the builder was known mainly as a successful lawyer in his Illinois home, and long before either he or his countrymen had thought of his being called to guide the ship of state. The little model is a steamer, about twenty inches in length, and it looks as if whittled with a common jack-knife, out of a few shingles, or such boards as are used for cigar

boxes. Unlike the numerous well-finished models that surround it, this unpretentious little craft contains no superfluous ornament; but by the very simplicity of its construction arrests the attention of every visitor, seeming thus to imply utility of design rather than the display of skillful work or costly material.

A portion of the early life of Abraham Lincoln had been spent as a flatboatman on the Mississippi river, where he became familiar with the dangers and difficulties attendant on the navigation of Western rivers, so beset with snags and shoals. So, with the prudent thoughtfulness characteristic of his later career, the young lawyer set himself, in his intervals of leisure, to study out some easy method of transporting vessels over the dangerous obstructions.

This quaint little model is the embodiment of his invention. It contains a sort of bellows, placed on each side of the hull, just below the water line, and designed to be so worked by valves and pulleys that, as the bellows became inflated with air, the ship would be buoyed up and floated lightly over the shoals lying in its pathway. The builder of this curious-looking little craft having thus clearly embodied his design, added nothing in the way of embellishment, but forwarded his work, uncomplicated by a single unnecessary rope or pulley, to the proper authorities at Washington. He obtained a patent, and his rough model of a steamboat was assigned a place among the countless treasures and manifold wonders of our great national museum, the Patent Office.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS.

I LAID aside my pen as the far-off chimes of the cathedral were tolling the midnight hour, and sat dreamily gazing into the embers of the dying fire.

"Forget-me-not!"

Was I dreaming? Or did a voice really pronounce the words close to my ear? I looked carefully around. No one could have entered through the bolted door. The arrangements of the room were undisturbed. Clearly, I was dreaming!

I settled myself again to think, when the odor of the Forget-me-nots in the little vase attracted my attention. The flowers seemed moved by some fresh instinct of life; the hue was deeper, the per-

fume was stronger, and — Could it be? Yes, surely! Even as I gazed, the flowers lifted their heads, and from the midst of the tiny cluster of bloom came again, in clear, ringing tones, the self-same words which I had heard, "Forget-me-not!"

"Was it *thou*, Blümchen?" I asked, wondering.

"Yes," said the flower, in the same silvery accents. "Dost thou not know that just at midnight all plants of my race are permitted, for one hour, the gift of speech? Listen, and I will tell thee why we are so gifted above all others."

"In the Garden of Paradise, when the pure Eve walked among the flowers, and gave each a name,

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according to her liking, all flowers and plants had a language of their own, and this it was given to Eve to understand; and during the long hours she conversed often with them, and they told her many things; but, above all, she loved the tiny blossoms of a little blue flower, and kissed it often, and twined it in her sunny tresses. And the flowers all loved her, but, best of all, the little blue flower, which she named Heaven-blossom,* because its hue was so like that of the skies.

"But at length came the dark day when sin entered into Paradise, and the Lord commanded the pair to leave their Eden-garden, and wander in the bleak wilderness, beyond the gates. And as, for the last time, the weeping Eve passed, hand in hand with Adam, through the fragrant lanes of Eden, the flowers shrank trembling from her, and bowed their heads with shame, or gazed scornfully upon her; and this, more than all else, rent the heart of Eve,—that those whom she had named and caressed and called her children, should shrink away from her in scorn and shame. And her tears fell faster and faster, so that, when she reached the gates where stood the Cherubim with that flaming, terrible sword, she scarcely saw at her feet the little tuft of Heaven-blossom, until it murmured, in piteous accents, 'Forget-me-not!'

"Eve bent down and plucked the tiny plant, which shrank not from her touch, but nestled lovingly toward her, and she pressed it to her lips and to her sorrowing heart. Then she turned, and, with one long sad look upon her lost kingdom, went slowly out, past the Cherubim and the flaming sword, into the bleak wilderness; and all that remained to her of the glorious bloom of Paradise was the one little sprig of Heaven-blossom which she held in her hand. 'Be no longer named bloom of heaven, dear blossom!' cried the grateful Eve; 'henceforth I shall call you by a dearer name—my Forget-me-not.'

"So Eve kept the flower near her through all the dark days that followed; and when Adam had made for them a home in the new place, she planted it, and tended it carefully, and it became to her an emblem of that old life of purity and happiness before the fall.

"In time, this new land also was enriched with many flowers, some of them even as beautiful as those of the lost Eden, but, best of all, Eve loved the tender Forget-me-not; and later, when the little Cain and Abel played around the home, she told them the story of the faithful flower, and they, too, grew to love and cherish it, and it told them many and many a story of the glories of that Garden of Paradise, wherein the angels had walked and talked with their parents of old.

"And when Eve died, the loving flower covered her grave with thick clusters of its blossoms. And I am sure that the first flower which met her sight in that new life beyond the tomb, was her dear Forget-me-not.

"The children of Adam long cherished the little blue flower; but, after many years, when the world became more and more wicked, and the hearts of men were turned away from God, they lost the power to understand its language.

"When the waters swept away after the Deluge, the first plant that blossomed was the Forget-me-not, but it no longer spoke to the children of men. It was voiceless for long, long years; until, one day, a child upon the hills of Galilee bent down and kissed its blossoms clustering in his path. It was the Christ-child! And from that hour, each night at midnight, if one who loves flowers listens, the blossoms of the Forget-me-not may tell this history.

"Hark! the Cathedral chimes are striking the first hour after midnight. I have spoken. Adieu!"

The flower now drooped drowsily upon its slender stalk, and was silent.

* Himmel-blümchen, in German.



THE SHAG.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

"WHAT is that great bird, sister, tell me,
Perched high on the top of the crag?"
"T is the cormorant, dear little brother.
The fishermen call it the shag."



"But what does it there, tell me, sister,
Sitting lonely against the black sky?"
"It has settled to rest, little brother,
It hears the wild gale wailing high."

"But I am afraid of it, sister,
For over the sea and the land
It gazes, so black and so silent!"
"Little brother, hold fast to my hand."

"O, what was that, sister? The thunder?
Did the shag bring the storm and the cloud,
The wind and the rain and the lightning?"
"Little brother, the thunder roars loud;

"Run fast, for the rain sweeps the ocean!
Look! over the light-house it streams,
And the lightning leaps red, and above us
The gulls fill the air with their screams."

O'er the beach, o'er the rocks running swiftly,
The little white cottage they gain,
And safely they watch from the window
The dance and the rush of the rain.

But the shag kept his place on the headland,
And when the brief storm had gone by
He shook his loose plumes, and they saw him
Rise, splendid and strong, in the sky.

Clinging fast to the gown of his sister,
The little boy laughed, as he flew;
"He is gone with the wind and the lightning!
And I am not frightened; are you?"

WHY THE PETERKINS HAD A LATE DINNER.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THE trouble was in the dumb waiter. All had seated themselves at the dinner-table, and Amanda had gone to take out the dinner she had sent up from the kitchen on the dumb waiter. But something was the matter; she could not pull it up. There was the dinner, but she could not reach it. All the family, in turn, went and tried; all pulled together, in vain; the dinner could not be stirred.

"No dinner!" exclaimed Agamemnon.

"I am quite hungry," said Solomon John.

At last, Mr. Peterkin said, "I am not proud. I am willing to dine in the kitchen."

This room was below the dining-room. All consented to this. Each one went down, taking a napkin.

The cook laid the kitchen table, put on it her best table-cloth, and the family sat down. Amanda went to the dumb waiter for the dinner, but she could not move it down.

The family were all in dismay. There was the dinner, half-way between the kitchen and dining-room, and there were they all hungry to eat it!

"What is there for dinner?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

"Roast turkey," said Mrs. Peterkin.

Mr. Peterkin lifted his eyes to the ceiling.

"Squash, tomato, potato, and sweet potato," Mrs. Peterkin continued.

"Sweet potato!" exclaimed all the little boys.

"I am very glad now that I did not have cranberry," said Mrs. Peterkin, anxious to find a bright point.

"Let us sit down and think about it," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I have an idea," said Agamemnon, after awhile.

"Let us hear it," said Mr. Peterkin. "Let each one speak his mind."

"The turkey," said Agamemnon, "must be just above the kitchen door. If I had a ladder and an axe, I could cut away the plastering and reach it."

"That is a great idea," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"If you think you could do it," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Would it not be better to have a carpenter?" asked Elizabeth Eliza.

"A carpenter might have a ladder and an axe, and I think we have neither," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"A carpenter! A carpenter!" exclaimed the rest.

It was decided that Mr. Peterkin, Solomon John

and the little boys should go in search of a carpenter.

Agamemnon proposed that, meanwhile, he should go and borrow a book; for he had another idea.

"This affair of the turkey," he said, "reminds me of those buried cities that have been dug out,—Herculaneum, for instance."

"Oh, yes," interrupted Elizabeth Eliza, "and Pompeii."

"Yes," said Agamemnon, "they found there pots and kettles. Now, I should like to know how they did it; and I mean to borrow a book and read. I think it was done with a pick-axe."

So the party set out. But when Mr. Peterkin reached the carpenter's shop, there was no carpenter to be found there.

"He must be at his house, eating his dinner," suggested Solomon John.

"Happy man," exclaimed Mr. Peterkin, "he has a dinner to eat!"

They went to the carpenter's house, but found he had gone out of town for a day's job. But his wife told them that he always came back at night to ring the nine o'clock bell.

"We must wait till then," said Mr. Peterkin, with an effort at cheerfulness.

At home, he found Agamemnon reading his book, and all sat down to hear of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Time passed on, and the question arose about tea. Would it do to have tea, when they had had no dinner? A part of the family thought it would not do; the rest wanted tea.

"I suppose you remember the wise lady from Philadelphia, who was here not long ago," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Let us try to think what she would advise us," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I wish she were here," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"I think," said Mr. Peterkin, "she would say, let them that want tea have it; the rest can go without."

So they had tea, and, as it proved, all sat down to it. But not much was eaten, as there had been no dinner.

When the nine o'clock bell was heard, Agamemnon, Solomon John, and the little boys rushed to the church, and found the carpenter.

They asked him to bring a ladder, axe and pick-axe. As he felt it might be a case of fire, he brought also his fire-buckets.

When the matter was explained to him, he went into the dining-room, looked into the dumb waiter, untwisted a cord, and arranged the weight, and pulled up the dinner.

There was a family shout.

"The trouble was in the weight," said the carpenter.

"That is why it is called a dumb waiter," Solomon John explained to the little boys.

The dinner was put upon the table.

Mrs. Peterkin frugally suggested that they might now keep it for next day, as to-day was almost gone, and they had had tea.

But nobody listened. All sat down to the roast turkey; and Amanda warmed over the vegetables.

"Patient waiters are no losers," said Agamemnon.



"THIS IS OUR BABY."

MAGIC PICTURES.

By M. M.

THE children were not at all surprised when Miss May said that she could make magic pictures.

But their delight was past all expression when



KATIE JENKS.

she told them that if they would come to her room some day after school, she would make a picture of each one, and, best of all, teach them how to do it for themselves.

They came—ten of them—just as soon as lessons were over, the very next day after the invitation



MARIA JONES.

was given. Katie had a bandage over one eye, and was a little afraid it might spoil her picture, but she was n't going to stay away for that. There

was n't much the matter with the eye—Minnie had just stuck one corner of her geography into it, that was all. Miss May assured her that it would n't make any difference with the picture.

Sallie's round face was unusually serious. Perhaps she was thinking of some of her experiences in sitting for pictures. What could be harder for Sallie than to sit perfectly still? But she brightened up when she found that Miss May had no



SALLIE SCOTT.

queer-looking box standing on stilts to point at her, nor any hateful pitch-fork in a frame, to threaten her with if she did n't hold her head just right.

Indeed, it all looked a great deal more like magic, when they found that all that was needed in making the pictures was a bottle of very black ink, a coarse pen, and some thick white paper.

"Now, children," said Miss May, "you must remember that these are *magic* pictures, and I can't possibly tell whether they will be good likenesses or not; so do not expect too much. One may look wonderfully like an oyster, another like

a skeleton, and another like a velocipede; *I don't know.*"

"Oh! oh! oh! like an oyster! like a veloci-



BILLY BAKER.

pede! like a skeleton! What *is* she going to do?" cried the little people, excitedly.

Everything was ready now, and Miss May seated herself at the little table. First, she prepared some strips of white paper, about three inches wide, and then dipping her pen into the ink, asked whose picture she should make first.

"Mine! mine!" cried Katie, "because, you know, I've got a sick eye."

So, in consideration of Katie's misfortune, her picture was made first.

Miss May wrote Katie's name very rapidly in a heavy, coarse style through the centre of the strip, shading the letters very freely, and never minding if little points of ink, as big as a pin head, were left here and there; then quickly folding the paper exactly in the middle, she gave a little pat with her finger about where the head ought to be, a quick little downward rub where the arms should come, and left the rest of the body to take care of itself. Then she opened the paper. The result was very comical. A droll sort of face could be made out; the arms were stretched out, as if Katie were making a speech, and two funny little feet were turned straight up and seemed to be hunting for the hands. The picture was received with shouts of laughter, and the young art critics were not slow in expressing their opinions upon it.

The magic work went on rapidly after this, and in a short time all the orders were filled.

Maria Jones looked like an old Continental soldier with his back turned and his legs very much moth-eaten.

Sallie Scott had on a long Ulster overcoat, and her hands in her pockets and a cane sticking up from under her arm. If you looked at her closely, you could see two gentlemen shaking hands in front of her.

Billy Baker resembled an Irishman with short trowsers, sitting down with two wide-brimmed hats in his lap. He had very glaring eyes, a wide-open mouth, ears like a rabbit, and whiskers like a cat.

But Ella Ferris had the most dreadful portrait. She looked like a ferocious "Jack-in-the-box" who had jumped up so often that he had nearly shaken himself to pieces. Her toes were turned in, and her heels needed darning.

When all the ten portraits had been taken, Miss May told them that they now might make some pictures for themselves. And so they set about it,



ELLA FERRIS.

and had a grand time. They found no trouble in making the funniest kind of magic pictures, provided they had ink enough on their pens.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XXI.

A LAST RESORT.

THE Board was fully agreed that something must be done to relieve Aunt Matilda's present necessities, but what to do did not seem very clear.

Wilson Ogden proposed issuing some kind of scrip or bonds, redeemable in six or seven months, when the company should be on a paying basis.

"I believe," said he, "that Mr. Darby would take these bonds at the store for groceries and things, and we might pay him interest, besides redeeming the bonds when they came due."

This was rather a startling proposition. No one had suspected Wilson of having such a financial mind.

"I don't know," said Harry, "how that would work. Mr. Darby might not be willing to take the bonds, and besides that, it seems to me that the company ought not to make any more promises to pay when it owes so much already."

"But you see that would be different," said Wilson. "What we owe now we ought to pay right away. The bonds would not have to be paid for ever so long."

"That may be pretty sharp reasoning," remarked Tom Selden, "but I can't see into it."

"It would be all the same as running in debt for Aunt Matilda, would n't it?" asked Kate.

"Yes," said Wilson, "a kind of running in debt, but not exactly the common way. You see —"

"But if it's any kind at all, I'm against it," said Kate, quickly. "We're not going to support Aunt Matilda that way."

This settled the matter. To be sure, Kate had no vote in the Board; but this was a subject in which she had what might be considered to have a controlling interest, and the bond project was dropped.

Various schemes were now proposed, but there were objections to all of them. Everyone was agreed that it was very unfortunate that this emergency should have arisen just at this time, because as soon as the company got into good working order, and the creek had been up a few times, it was probable that Aunt Matilda would really have more money than she would absolutely need.

"You ought to look out, Harry and Kate," said Harvey Davis, "that all the darkies she knows don't come and settle down on her and live off her.

She's a great old woman for having people around her, even now."

"Well," said Kate, "she has a right to have company if she wants to, and can afford it."

"Yes," said Tom Selden; "but having company's very different from having a lot of good-for-nothing darkies eating her out of house and home."

"She wont have anything of that sort," said Harry. "I'll see that her money's spent right."

"But if it's her money," said Harvey, "she can spend it as she chooses."

A discussion here followed as to the kind of influence that ought to be brought to bear upon Aunt Matilda to induce her to make a judicious use of her income; but Harry soon interrupted the arguments, with the remark that they had better not bother themselves about what Aunt Matilda should do with her money when she got it, until they had found out some way of preventing her from starving to death while she was waiting for it.

This was evidently good common sense, but it put a damper on the spirits of the Board.

There was nothing new to be said on the main question, and it was now growing towards supper-time; so the meeting adjourned.

On their way home, Harry said to Kate, "Has Aunt Matilda anything to eat at all?"

"Oh yes; she has enough for her supper tonight, and for breakfast, too, if nobody comes to see her. But that's all."

"All right, then," said Harry.

"I don't think it is all right," replied Kate. "What's two meals, I'd like to know?"

"Two meals are very good things, provided you don't take them both at once," said Harry. And he began to whistle.

The next day, Harry went off and staid until dinner-time.

Kate could not imagine where he had gone. He was not with the Board, she knew, for Harvey Davis had been inquiring for him.

Just before dinner he made his appearance.

Kate was in the house, but he hurried her out under the catalpa tree.

"Look here!" said he, putting his hand in his pocket and pulling out several "green-backs." "I reckon that'll keep Aunt Matilda until the company begins to make money."

Kate opened her eyes their very widest.

"Why, where on earth did you get all that money, Harry? Is it yours?"

"Of course, it's mine," said Harry. "I sold my gun."

"Oh, Harry!" and the tears actually came into Kate's eyes.

"Well, I would n't cry about it," said Harry. "There's nothing to shoot now; and when we get rich I can buy it back again, or get another."

"Get rich!" said Kate. "I don't see how we're going to do that; especially when it's such dreadfully dry weather."

CHAPTER XXII.

A QUANDARY.

ABOUT a week after the meeting of the Board in the Davis corn-house, old Miles, the mail-rider, came galloping up to Mr. Loudon's front gate. The family were at breakfast, but Harry and Kate jumped up and ran to the door, when they saw Miles coming, with his saddle-bags flapping behind him. No one had ever before seen Miles ride so fast. A slow trot, or rather a steady waddle, was the pace that he generally preferred.

"Hello, Mah'sr Harry," shouted old Miles, "de creek's up! Can't git across dar, no how?"

This glorious news for the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company was, indeed, true! There had been wet weather for several days, and although the rain-fall had not been great in the level country about Akeville, it had been very heavy up among the hills; and the consequence was, that the swollen hill-streams, or "branches" as they are called in that part of the country, had rushed down and made Crooked Creek rise in a hurry. It seemed to be always ready to rise in this way, whenever it had a chance.

Now the company could go to work! Now it could show the world, or as much of the world as chose to take notice, the advantages of having a telegraph line across a creek in time of freshets.

Harry was all alive with excitement. He sent for Harvey Davis, and had old Selim saddled as quickly as possible.

"H'yars de letters and telegrams, Mah'sr Harry," said Miles, unlocking his saddle-bags and taking out a bundle of letters and some telegrams, written on the regular telegraphic blanks and tied up in a little package.

As the mail was a private one, and old Miles was known to be perfectly honest, he carried the key and attended personally to the locking and unlocking of his saddle-bags.

"But I don't want the letters, Miles," said Harry. "I've nothing to do with them. Give me the telegrams, and I'll send them across."

"Don't want de letters?" cried Miles, his eyes and mouth wide open in astonishment. "Why, I can't carry de letters ober no mor'n I kin de telegrams."

"Well, neither can I," said Harry.

"Den what's de use ob dat wire?" exclaimed Miles. "I thought you uns ud send de letters an' all ober dat wire! Dere's lots more letters dan telegrams."

"I know that," said Harry, hurriedly; "but we can't send letters. Give me the telegraphic messages, and you go back to the mines with the letters, and if there's anything in them that they want to telegraph, let them write out the messages, and you bring them over to Lewston's cabin."

Harry took the telegrams and old Miles rode off, very much disturbed in his mind. His confidence in the utility of the telegraph company was woefully shaken.

By this time Harvey had arrived on a mule, and the two operators dashed away as fast as their animals would carry them.

As they galloped along, Harry shouted to Harvey, who kept ahead most of the time, for his mule was faster than Selim:

"Hello, Harvey! If Miles could n't get across, how can either of us go over?"

"O, I reckon the creek is n't much up yet," answered Harvey. "Miles is easily frightened."

So on they rode, hoping for the best; but when they reached the creek they saw, to their dismay, that the water was much higher already than it usually rose in the summer-time. The low grounds on each side were overflowed, and nothing could be seen of the bridge but the tops of two upright timbers near its middle.

It was certainly very unfortunate that both the operators were on the same side of the stream!

"This is a pretty piece of business," cried Harry. "I didn't expect the creek to get up so quickly as this. I was down here yesterday, and it had n't risen at all. I tell you, Harvey, you ought to live on the other side."

"Or else you ought," said Harvey.

"No," said Harry; "this is my station."

Harvey had no answer ready for this, but as they were hurriedly fastening Selim and the mule to trees near Lewston's cabin, he said:

"Perhaps Mr. Lyons may come down and work the other end of the line."

"He can't get off," said Harry. "He has his own office to attend to. And, besides, that would n't do. We must work our own line, especially at the very beginning. It would look nice,—now, would n't it?—to wait until Mr. Lyons could come over from Hetertown before we could commence operations!"

"Well, what can we do?" asked Harvey.

"Why, one of us must get across, somehow."

"I don't see how it's going to be done," said Harvey, as they ran down to the edge of the water. "I reckon we'll have to holler our messages across, as Tony said; only there is n't anybody to holler to."

"I don't know how it's to be done either," said Harry; "but one of us must get over, some way or other."

"Could n't we wade to the bridge," asked Harvey, "and then walk over on it? I don't believe it's more than up to our waists on the bridge."

"You don't know how deep it is," said Harry; "and when you get to the bridge, ten to one more than half the planks have been floated off, and you'd go slump to the bottom of the creek before you knew it. There's no way but to get a boat."

"I don't know where you're going to find one," said Harvey. "There's a boat up at the millpond, but you could n't get it out and down here in much less than a day."

"John Walker has his boat afloat again," said Harry, "but that's over on the other side. What a nuisance it is that there is n't anybody over there! If we did n't want 'em, there'd be about sixty or seventy darkies hanging about here now."

"O, no!" said Harvey, "not so many as that; not over forty-seven."

"I'm going over to Lewston's. Perhaps he knows of a boat," said Harry, and away he ran.

But Lewston was not in his cabin, and so Harry hurried along a road in the woods that led by another negro cabin about a half-mile away, thinking that the old man had gone off in that direction. Every minute or two he shouted at the top of his voice, "O, Lewston!"

Very soon he heard some one shouting in reply, and he recognized Lewston's voice. It seemed to come from the creek.

Thereupon, Harry made his way through the trees and soon caught sight of the old colored man. He was in a boat, poling his way along in the shallow water as close to dry land as the woods allowed him, and sometimes, where the trees were wide apart, sending the boat right between some of their tall trunks.

"Hello, Lewston," cried Harry, running as near as he could go without getting his shoes wet, for the water ran up quite a distance among the trees in some places. "What are you about? Where did you get that boat? I want a boat."

"Dat's jist what I thought, Mah'sr Harry," said Lewston, still poling away as hard as he could. "I know de compouny'd want to git ober de creek, an' I jist went up to Hiram Anderson's and borrowed his ole boat. Ise been a-bailing her out all de mornin'."

"You're a trump, Lewston," said Harry. "Pole her down opposite your house, and then one of us will go over. Why don't you go out further? You can't get along half as fast in here by the trees and hummocks as you could in deeper water."

"You don't ketch me out dar in dat runnin' water," said Lewston. "I'd be in the middle afore I knowned it, and dis pole's pooty short."

"Well, come along as fast as you can," cried Harry, "and I'll run down to your house and get your axe to cut a longer pole."

By the time Harry had found a tall young sapling and had cut it down and trimmed it off, Lewston arrived with the boat.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CROSSING THE CREEK.

"Now, then," said Harry, "here's the boat and a good pole, and you've nothing to do, Harvey, but just to get in and push yourself over to your station as fast as you can."

But the situation did not seem to strike Harvey very favorably. He looked rather dissatisfied with the arrangement made for him.

"I can't swim," he said. "At least, not much, you know."

"Well, who wants you to swim?" said Harry, laughing. "That's a pretty joke. Are you thinking of swimming across and towing the boat after you? You can push her over easy enough; that pole will reach the bottom anywhere."

"Dat's so," said old Lewston. "It'll touch de bottom ob de water, but I don't know 'bout de bottom ob de mud. Ye must n't push her down too deep. Dar's 'bout as much mud as water out dar in de creek."

The more they talked about the matter, the greater became Harvey's disinclination to go over. He was not a coward, but he was not used to the water or the management of a boat, and the trip seemed much more difficult to him than it would have appeared to a boy accustomed to boating.

"I tell you what we'll do," cried Harry, at last. "You take my station, Harvey, and I'll go over and work your end of the line."

There was no opposition to this plan, and so Harry hurried off with Harvey to Lewston's cabin and helped him to make the connections and get the line in working order at that end, and then he ran down to the boat, jumped in, and Lewston pushed him off.

Harry poled the boat along quite easily through the shallow water, and when he got further out he found that he proceeded with still greater ease, only

he did not go straight across, but went a little too much down stream.

But he pushed out strongly towards the opposite shore, and soon reached the middle of the creek. Then he began to go down stream very fast indeed. Push and pole as he would, he seemed to have no control whatever over the boat. He had had no idea that the current would be so strong.

On he went, right down towards the bridge, and

the mud, the current was so strong; but he succeeded at last, by pushing it out in front of him, in forcing it into the bottom; and then, in a moment, it was jerked out of his hand, as the boat swept on, and, a second time, he came near tumbling overboard.

Now he was helpless. No, there was the short pole that Lewston had left in the boat.

He picked it up, but he could do nothing with



"HE RAPIDLY FLOATED DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREAM."

as the boat swept over it, one end struck an upright beam that projected above the water, and the clumsy craft was jerked around with such violence that Harry nearly tumbled into the creek.

He heard Lewston and Harvey shouting to him, but he paid no attention to them. He was working with all his strength to get the boat out of the current and into shallower water. But as he found that he was not able to do that, he made desperate efforts to stop the boat by thrusting his pole into the bottom. It was not easy to get the pole into

it. If it had been an oar, now, it might have been of some use. He tried to pull up the seat, but it was nailed fast.

On he rapidly floated, down the middle of the stream; the boat sometimes sidewise, sometimes with one end foremost, and sometimes the other. Very soon he lost sight of Lewston and Harvey, and the last he saw of them they were hurrying by the edge of the water, in the woods. Now he sat down, and looked about him. The creek appeared to be getting wider and wider, and he thought that

if he went on at that rate he must soon come to the river. The country seemed unfamiliar to him. He had never seen it, from the water, when it was overflowed in this way.

He passed a wide stretch of cultivated fields, mostly planted in tobacco, but he could not recollect what farmer had tobacco down by the creek this year. There were some men at work on a piece of rising ground, but they were a long way off. Still, Harry shouted to them, but they did not appear to hear him.

Then he passed on among the trees again, bumping against stumps, turning and twisting, but always keeping out in the middle of the current. He began to be very uneasy, especially as he now saw what he had not noticed before, that the boat was leaking badly.

He made up his mind that he must do something soon, even if he had to take off his clothes and jump in and try to swim to shore. But this, he was well aware, would be hard work in such a current.

Looking hurriedly around, he saw, a short distance before him, a tree that appeared to stand almost in the middle of the creek, with its lower branches not very high above the water. The main current swirled around this tree, and the boat was floating directly towards it.

Harry's mind was made up in an instant. He stood up on the seat, and as the boat passed under the tree he seized the lowest branch.

In a moment the boat was jerked from under his feet, and he hung suspended over the rushing water.

He gripped the branch with all his strength, and giving his legs a swing, got his feet over it. Then, after two or three attempts, he managed to draw himself up and get first one leg and then his whole body over the branch. Then he sat up and shuffled along to the trunk, against which he leaned with one arm around it, all in a perspiration, and trembling with the exertion and excitement.

When he had rested awhile, he stood up on the limb and looked towards the land. There, to his joy, he saw, at a little distance, a small log-house, and there was some one living in it, for he saw smoke coming from the log and mud chimney that was built up against one end of the cabin.

Harry gave a great shout, and then another, and another, and presently a negro woman came out of

the cabin and looked out over the creek. Then three colored children came tumbling out and they looked out over the creek.

Then Harry shouted again, and the woman saw him.

"Hello, dar!" she cried, "Who's dat?"

"It's me! Harry Loudon."

"Harry Loudon?" shouted the woman, running down to the edge of the water. "Mah'r John Loudon's son Harry? What you doin' dar? Is you fishin'?"

"Fishing!" cried Harry. "No! I want to get ashore. Have you a boat?"

"A boat! Lors a massy! I got no boat, Mah'r Harry. How did ye git dar?"

"O, I got adrift, and my boat's gone! Is n't there any man about?"

"No man about here," said the woman. "My ole man's gone off to de railroad. But he'll be back dis evenin'."

"I can't wait here till he comes," cried Harry. "Have n't you a rope and some boards to make a raft?"

"Lor', no! Mah'r Harry. I got no boards."

"Tell ye what ye do, dar," shouted the biggest boy, a woolly-headed urchin, with nothing on but a big pair of trowsers that came up under his arms and were fastened over his shoulders by two bits of string, "jist you come on dis side and jump down, an' slosh ashore."

"It's too deep," cried Harry.

"No, 't aint," said the boy. "I sloshed out to dat tree dis mornin'."

"You did, you Pomp!" cried his mother. "Oh! I'll lick ye fur dat, when I git a hold of ye!"

"Did you, really?" cried Harry.

"Yes, I did," shouted the undaunted Pomp. "I sloshed out dar an' back agin."

"But the water's higher now," said Harry.

"No, 't aint," said the woman. "'T aintriz much dis mornin'. Done all de risin' las' night. Dat tree's jist on de edge of de creek bank. If Pomp could git along dar, you kin, Mah'r Harry! Did ye go out dar, sure nuff, you Pomp? Mind, if ye did n't, I'll lick ye!"

"Yes, I did," said Pomp; "clar out dar an' back agin."

"Then, I'll try it," cried Harry; and clambering around the trunk of the tree, he jumped off as far as he could towards shore.

(To be continued.)

THE MICROSCOPE ON SHIPBOARD.

BY PROF. A. RATTRAY.

THE amusements in which boys and girls may indulge are numerous and varied, and every season—spring, summer, autumn and winter—has its special games. But most persons enjoy an occasional change; and any new toy or play, especially one suited for all times, is apt to be welcome. The microscope, for magnifying very small objects, is not a new instrument; but its use, no doubt, would be new to many of our readers; and if once introduced to our young friends' notice, they would find it one of the most enjoyable and instructive of pastimes.

This is one of those pleasures which can be followed at all times and anywhere; for example, when darkness, or bad weather, or sickness keeps you indoors, and in town or country, at the sea-side or at sea. You also can take it up and put it aside as easily as any other amusement; and so enticing is it, that what you first indulge in as pastime, may at last become an earnest study. Even if you do not carry it so far, however, mere amateur work, for the sake of the many beautiful structures it reveals, will be sufficiently alluring to keep up a life-long interest. And the deeper you thereby dive into the mysteries of creation, the more you will marvel at the design, adaptation and perfection of the works of the Creator.

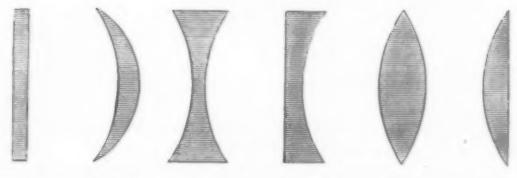
Beginners, however, are apt to be afraid of microscopic work. The instrument itself frightens some. But its racks, screws and lenses, though delicate, are no more likely to be broken or disordered, by careful handling, than are the works of a clock. The difficult sciences, and the long Latin and Greek names often given to objects, frighten others. But you will soon, and with little (if any) study, become familiar with as many of these as it is necessary to know. All scientists, both professional and amateur, were once beginners like yourselves, as ignorant of this pursuit, and perhaps as little self-reliant.

A few lessons will usually make a beginner sufficiently expert, and show him that there is nothing mysterious in the microscope, or difficult in the mode of handling it. Frequent use will make an adept. If once interested, the constant succession of marvels it unfolds to view will prompt to further search. Remember, young friends, half-an-hour so employed daily will make a large total

at the end of a year. Valuable books have been written and important inventions made in the intervals of business. To facilitate study and economize time, the instrument should be kept where it may be readily taken up or laid aside at a moment's notice.

It is not necessary to have a very costly microscope. One of moderate price and power is good enough for most purposes. Larger and more complicated ones are only occasionally used, when we wish to magnify any object very highly. A \$5 or \$10 one, magnifying from 50 to 200 times, is sufficient for a beginner; or at most a \$50 instrument, enlarging from 400 to 500 diameters. But you may get cheaper ones of less power, or more costly and magnificent ones, magnifying from 1000 to 2000 times. You can have an American, English, French, or German instrument. American microscopes are probably as good as any, and may be procured of several makers in New York.

The magnifying power of the microscope lies in its lenses. These are small pieces of crown or flint glass of different shapes,—flat, convex, or concave, chiefly of the former two. They are named according to their shape, thus:



DIFFERENT FORMS OF LENSES.

These refract—that is, bend and magnify—the image of the object looked at. You will learn how they do this when you study optics, if you have not already begun to study it. When only one lens is used, it is called a simple microscope, like the ordinary photograph magnifier. Microscopes of this kind, made of rock crystal, were probably known to the Greeks, Romans, and, perhaps, Assyrians. Those with more than one lens are called compound microscopes. These were first invented by the Dutch, about 280 years ago, but were of an unwieldy form, being sometimes six feet long. For various reasons, the microscope

was not much used until within the past thirty years. Since then, however, it has been much employed, both by scientists and physicians. Smaller and far more perfect instruments are now made; and it would be impossible, in this brief space, to



THE MICROSCOPE AND ITS PARTS.

tell you how much they have added to our knowledge, both of natural history and disease.

I shall now suppose that you have an ordinary compound microscope, like that in the accompanying sketch. You will observe the lens next the object to be magnified. That is called the object-glass. That next the observer's eye is called the eye-glass. In the better kinds of microscope, both the eye and object glasses consist of several lenses, arranged so as to have the same effect as one. When you look at an object through the microscope, you see an inverted likeness of it. It is the object-glass which thus turns it upside down, and it is the eye-glass which magnifies, as, again, optics will explain.

Between these two, and at the lower part of the eye-piece, there is usually another lens, called the field-glass, which enlarges the field of view. Most microscopes are monocular,—that is, made for one

eye, like that shown in the sketch. Others have two convergent tubes, to use with both eyes, and are called binocular.

You will usually find the eye and object glasses of modern microscopes marked to indicate their different magnifying powers. If you wish to ascertain the exact size of any object, however, you must use a micrometer, which is merely a slip of glass divided into minute squares, each indicating one-thousandth of an inch. A pair of small scissors, a dissecting-knife, and one or two wooden-handled needles, are usually found with every microscope; also thin slips of glass for making preparations, and Canada balsam for gluing them together. A Valentine or Quckett knife, for making very thin cuttings of objects, is necessary for advanced students.

Having found an object for examination, it should be laid on a slip of transparent glass; if dry, alone,—if moist, immersed in fresh or salt water, or glycerine. The slip is then put on the stage under the object-glass. If the object be transparent, a strong light is sent through to illuminate it, by a small mirror called the reflector. If non-transparent, light is thrown on it from above by a bull's-eye condenser. The diaphragm, with different sized holes, is used to cut off the light if too much is sent upwards by the reflector. Both to preserve the eye of the observer, and for perfect illumination, a good light, and especially a white one, is indispensable, either from a window or lamp. If the object be not in view when you look through the instrument, or if it appear hazy, the rack behind will raise or depress the tube until it becomes clear.

A few failures must not discourage you, as all beginners, and even advanced students, have them. A little practice will soon make you perfect in the various details of the instrument: and having fairly mastered it, you may pursue your studies either in the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral world. The air, the earth and the ocean, all furnish an abundant supply of objects for microscopic work. Circumstances and individual taste will decide what direction your investigations may take. One may prefer to look at plant, another at animal life; a third at mineral crystals, and so on. It would be impossible in the present article to give illustrations of all of these. Our present object is to show how easy it is to use the microscope; and also how many interesting and beautiful objects can be everywhere had for examination. This may interest you in it, and in the different domains of nature explored by

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its aid. To do this, I shall confine myself to one department of natural history, and take my examples from one seldom chosen for illustration, viz., the minute animals of the sea. You may sometimes find specimens of this kind at the sea-side, but more easily and abundantly far out in mid-ocean. None of you can tell in what part of the globe your lot may yet be cast. Some may have to take long voyages,—may have done so already, and know how tiresome life on shipboard is, and how glad one is of anything to pass the time and relieve the monotony which succeeds the novelty of the first few days. If you have a small microscope, you will find it an endless source of amusement. You have plenty of spare time, and nowhere can you find more suitable objects or better opportunities for this ennobling pursuit.

Every boy and girl knows that our sea-coasts are crowded with fish and other water-animals. But many fancy that, like the air, the sea contains little life far out in mid-ocean, where you only occasionally see Mother Carey's chickens and other ocean-birds, chiefly of the petrel tribe, or a school of dolphins gamboling round the ship, or, perhaps, an ugly and ominous shark following in her track. If you throw a piece of broken plate overboard, you can see it gleaming for many a fathom as it zig-zags down towards the bottom. But you may have noticed nothing else in the clear blue water. You may have wondered what caused the nightly star-like sparkling in the sea, and the silvery appearance in the ship's wake; and, perhaps, asked on what the petrels and other ocean-birds fed, and why they skimmed the surface of the sea. If you get closer, however, than the ship's deck,—say in a boat,—or if you haul up a bucketful of sea-water, these mysteries will be explained. The sea is not thinly but very densely inhabited, and everywhere, especially near its surface, crowded with

tiny animals, sometimes so transparent as to be scarcely, if at all, visible to the naked eye, and often so minute as to require a microscope to distinguish them. The larger fish tribes, familiar to you, exist in great numbers, but these in myriads. It is these which chiefly cause the phosphorescence of the sea, and it is on them that the ocean-birds feed, and even some of the largest marine animals

—for example, the huge Greenland whale. You may catch them in a common ship's bucket or pannikin, but better by a towing-net. This you can easily make of bunting,—that is flag-cloth,—or of gauze, cut bag-shape, open at one end, and there hooped or half-hooped with wood. This filters the surface-water as the ship glides slowly along, and is best used when the wind is light. In half-an-hour you may thus get more specimens than you can examine in a day. To keep them alive, empty the net gently into a basinful of salt water. The picture below will show you how the towing-net is worked.

You will soon notice several peculiarities regarding these creatures. Many float in shoals, sometimes in such numbers as to color the surface of the sea. You can catch them best at night and in calm weather, because by day, especially in rough weather, they sink below the surface to avoid the glare and heat of the sun and the buffeting of the waves. Day is their period of repose, and night that of activity,—their chief feeding and breathing time. Again, they are most abundant in warm currents of water. Maury was the first to lay stress on this, and to call the tropics their birthplace. And you will also notice how much of the phosphorescence of the sea is caused by them, especially



THE TOWING-NET.

by the shrimp-like and jelly-like ones. You cannot see them by day, but you can after dusk, when they light up the ocean with their tiny lamps.

Minute crustaceans,—that is, animals of the shrimp tribe,—often as small as a pin-point, are the commonest of them all. They are the first you will notice, as they curve and dart about sideways so fast that you can scarcely catch them.

Nothing can be prettier under the microscope than their transparent bodies, in which you can see the heart beating and blood flowing; watch them

Curious minute and very delicate-shelled animals are equally numerous, such as the *Criseis*, *Limacina*, *Atalanta*, *Spirialis*, *Hyalea*, shown in the cut at the bottom of the page. You will also admire much the larger *Ianthina*, or sea-snail, a violet-colored shell of rare delicacy and beauty, once highly prized by shell-collectors. It is often larger than in the cut on the next page; and its eggs and egg-bags are attached to the under surface of the peculiar float which buoys the animal on the surface of the ocean, and prevents the weight of its body and shell from sinking. With your microscope you can watch their growth, first as simple soft round cells (A), then as tiny shells (B), which get larger in the older egg-pouches (C), and then escape when large enough to look after themselves.

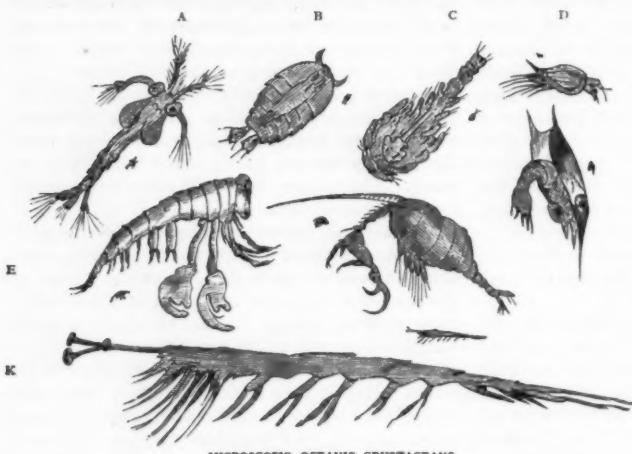
These, you must remember, are only a few of the thousands of tiny creatures which inhabit the ocean, especially near its surface. I might go on to tell you of many others equally curious; for example, of the bladder-like *Physalis*, or Portuguese man-of-war, and the *Velilla* and *Porpita*, which float on the top of the water, driven about by the

breathing and eating, or trace their nervous systems, beautifully-jointed shells, and curious, many-lensed, compound eyes. You cannot conceive how gorgeously some are colored. No mortal can tint so delicately; and as you gaze, you will be forcibly reminded of the truth of the poet's lines,—

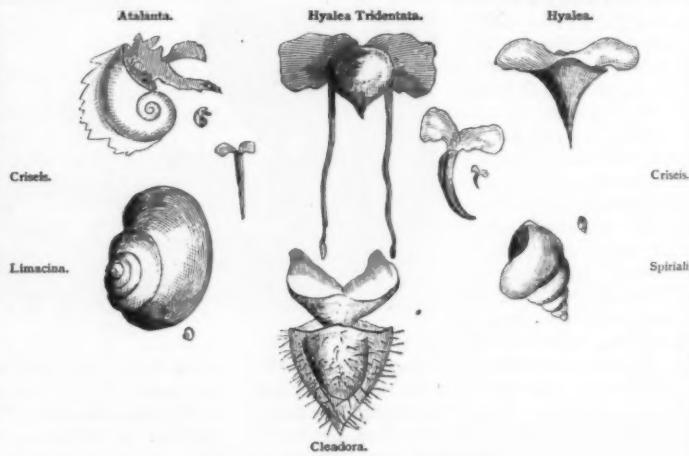
"Who can paint like nature?

Or can imagination boast, amid its gay creations, hues like hers?"

I shall not tax your memory with many long names. The examples given in the cut above are chiefly from the Pacific ocean, but they are as abundant in the Atlantic. The small speck alongside each shows their natural size; and, if you choose, you can enlarge them much more than here shown. *Sapphirina gemma* (B) is tinted with all the colors of the rainbow; and *Caligus* (C) is of a rich brown. Fig. K is a long, slender animal, which you seldom catch alive, possibly because it is easily injured in the net. Fig. G, of a bright blue, has a curious, curved proboscis, as long as itself; and Fig. E has curved, winds and waves; of the *Velia*, which runs about on the surface dry-shod, and dives below at will;



MICROSCOPIC OCEANIC CRUSTACEANS.



MINUTE OCEANIC ANIMALS WITH SHELLS.

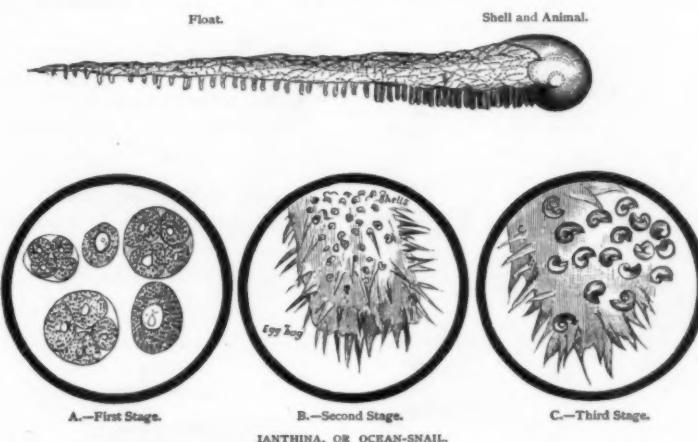
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of the *Clio*, *Glaucus*, *Sagitta annelids*, and many others. Every haul of the towing-net will bring up something new to you, with more brilliant coloring, more singular shape, or more delicate formation. And every new current or ocean you

in a vial partially filled with diluted alcohol. But those of you who cannot take sea-voyages need not despair. There are just as wonderful things to be found on dry land, and in the little streams and ponds that are accessible to almost all



enter will disclose fresh ones, till you become fairly astounded with their number and variety.

If you can, let me advise you to sketch and color what you see, as a souvenir of the voyage or sea-side visit. Or if you wish to preserve some specimens for further examination at home, you may do so, especially the crustaceans and shells,

of you, as in the mighty deep. You can wander in the fields, as other naturalists have done before you; and so long as there are ferns or flowers or butterflies, there will be something for your lenses. You can use your hand-microscopes in the field, and take many of your specimens home to be examined with more elaborate instruments.



AN OBSERVING LANDSMAN.

FOUR YEARS OLD.

By L. G. WARNER.



"THERE'S NEVER A WINK MORE SLUMBER."

BRIGHT in the early morning
His brown eyes open wide,
And there's never a wink more slumber
To be thought of at his side.



"AND DOWN TO HIS BREAKFAST GOES."

Awake from his hair all a-tumble
To the tips of his springing toes,
Into his clothes he dances,
And down to his breakfast goes.

Then out with his little barrow,
And where, oh ! where is his spade ?
To-day his corn must be planted,
And all of his garden made.



"TO-DAY HIS CORN MUST BE PLANTED."

Don't speak to him,—proud young farmer,
Half lost in his big straw hat ;
If you dare to suggest an errand,
Not a minute has he for that !

Ten minutes, and "Where is my hammer
And nails?—drate big uns," he calls.
Lo ! his garden is turned to a cellar,
And now he must put up his walls !



"OH NO, I'M A BUILDER NOW."

What, you, my brave young farmer?
"Oh no, I'm a builder now.
I build big barns and houses;
Come out and I'll show you how."

Soon, starting, he hears the oxen
Dragging the big hay-cart;
And, houses and barns forgotten,
Away he flees like a dart.



"SO, WHIP ON HIS SHOULDER, HE MARCHES."

VOL. I.—35.

"Please, Hugh, let me be driver;
I'll keep right here by the side."
So, whip on his shoulder, he marches
With more than a soldier's pride.

Now back, calling, "Mamma, mamma,
Here's a 'tunnin' hop-stool for you;
'T was growing close up by the fountain,—
Oh dear! *now* what shall I do?



"WHOA! WHO 'LL HAVE A RIDE WITH ME?"

Why, there is my fast, wild Rollo,—
Whoa! who'll have a ride with me?
This small one's my work-horse, 'Daisy;
He's steady and old, you see."

So, hour after hour, through the daytime,
He works and plays with a will;
The brown little hands always busy,
The quick little feet never still,



"PLEASE, IS N'T IT STORY-TIME?"



"GOOD NIGHT! I LOVE YOU!"

Until, when at last the evening
Drops down like a soothing chime,
A tired little voice comes calling,
"Please, is n't it story-time?"

Then, two dear arms, all caressing,
Are round me, and sweet, low words

I hear—as gentle and tender
As the cooing good-night of birds.

And he, the bright eyes half-closing,
With kisses on cheek and brow,
Says softly, "Good-night! I love you!
I'm only your little boy now."

FAST FRIENDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

CHAPTER XXI.

GEORGE AND THE BOOKSELLER.

JACK returned to his files of old newspapers, and George went to call on a bookseller in Nassau street, with whom he had left his bundle of manuscripts the day before.

He was a kind-hearted man, who had been so much interested in George's appearance that, without entertaining much hope of being able to make a paying book out of the mass of verses submitted to him, he had consented to examine them, from mere good will.

He was writing a letter at a desk in the back part of his store, when the tall young poet reappeared. Having motioned him to a chair, he continued writing. George took up a newspaper, and pre-

tended to be reading at his ease, while he was, in fact, suffering from terrible anxiety and suspense.

At length, the letter finished, the bookseller lifted the lid of his desk, and took out the package of manuscripts.

"I am sorry," he began, and hesitated, turning over the leaves of the manuscripts. George nerv'd himself to bear his fate and look calm. "Sorry I can't say of these things what you would like to have me say," the bookseller added, kindly. "But you are young yet. It would be very remarkable, indeed, if you could produce a volume of poems which the public would care to buy and read. Five years from now you will thank me more for not printing these verses than you would now for printing them."

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sickly smile, and replied with an effort, "I dare say you find them mere trifles."

"Well,—yes,—and no," said the man of books, who appeared anxious to temper the wind of his criticism to the shorn lamb who shiveringly awaited it. "There's merit in some of the verses, but they have nearly all one great fault—there is too great facility of versification."

"I—I was not aware," George ventured to reply, "that one could have too great facility of versification, if one versifies at all."

"What I mean is this: Your language glides along too easily. You hurry on after your rhymes and fancies,—you go skipping and dancing like a brook, from pebble to pebble,—all pretty and musical, but there is no great depth. A little of that sort of thing is agreeable, but you give us too much of it. We grow weary; we want less music, and more meaning."

"I think I see your objection," confessed poor George, who immediately began to regard his poetical compositions as a mass of wordy and empty rubbish.

The bookseller, looking as if it gave him quite as much pain to say what he did as it gave George to hear him, went on.

"Nearly everything here, that I have had time to look at, reminds me of either Scott or Byron, with here and there a touch of Burns. I venture to say these are your three favorite poets."

George admitted that they were.

"Now, what you need, is to read other poets, or none at all, for a little while. Don't give us any more feeble echoes of anybody. Put a curb on your too lively fancy. Condense—condense—condense. Prune—prune—prune. Go deeper into the subjects you write upon; think more of the substance, and less of the fluency of your lines. Now, here is one little thing." And the bookseller drew out a piece, entitled "The Old Meeting-House," from amid the "Fugitive Leaves."

"I never thought much of that," said George. "A homely subject,—I don't know why I left it with the rest."

"I dare say, you think it the poorest piece of all."

"I am sure it is."

"And yet, I think you felt a secret pleasure in writing it."

"Perhaps I did,—yes," said George, "there was something about it pleasing to me; but I never fancied it would please anybody else very much."

"That," said the bookseller, with a smile, "is a poem."

"You think so!" cried George, with a look of astonishment.

"It is the one original piece in the lot. You were writing of what you knew something about,

and every stroke tells. You make us see the picture, for you saw it clearly and strongly yourself. We hear the old bell tolling in the belfry. We see the tall and gaunt old bell-ringer in the porch below. The wagons driving up to the meeting-house steps; the country people, a little stiff in their best clothes, and with their grave Sunday faces, passing down the aisle, and entering the pews; the good old minister, and the sermon, which seems so long to the little boys on the hard seats; the singing of the choir; the birds singing outside;—why, you make us see and feel everything, even to the doves that alight on the window-sill, and the bad boys trading jack-knives in the wagons under the sheds. You did not run so much to pretty fancies in this, because you were so full of the subject. You were at home in 'The Old Meeting-House,' but not in 'Golboda: a Romance of the African Coast.' 'T is a poem,—a little loose in some of the lines, here and there,—but still a poem. If you had worked a week at it, instead of a few hours, as you probably did, you would have made something striking and excellent."

"You really think, then," said George, with rekindling hope, "that I have some—talent?"

"A great deal," replied the bookseller, cordially.

"And that I can hope to—to earn something with my pen?"

"That is another thing. Poetry—even good poetry—is n't a commodity that it pays very well for anybody to write. A few poets have received large sums for their verses, but they are the rare exceptions. Hundreds fail where a single one succeeds. No, my dear sir, don't think of relying upon poetry for a livelihood."

"I have sometimes written a little prose,—essays, stories," faltered George. And he timidly took "The Mohawk Spy" from his pocket.

"This is more like what the newspapers and magazines are willing to pay money for," said the bookseller, glancing at the manuscript.

He read a passage here and there. George watched him with an anxiety so keen that it was almost anguish. Of this man's good will and sound judgment he was so thoroughly convinced, that it seemed to him almost as if his life depended on the sentence about to fall from his lips.

"I take it, you are a stranger in the city," remarked the bookseller.

"A perfect stranger."

"And you have not an abundant supply of means?"

George was prompted to reply that he and his friend had a shilling between them, earned by carrying a trunk; but his characteristic diffidence—or shall we call it false shame?—checked the confession.

"I am dependent on my own exertions for my bread," was his more elegant way of putting it.

"And you have no other employment, except writing?"

"None."

"But there is nobody dependent on you for a support? That is fortunate. I see that the pursuit of literature, in some form, is a passion with you; and it would be useless for me to attempt to dissuade you from it. If you are virtuous and frugal and hardy and heroic, there is hope of your final success. Meanwhile, you must be prepared to encounter slights, disappointments, privations. No matter how hard your bed and how bitter your crust: a soldier of fortune can sleep beneath the stars. But, if at any time you suspect that money is sweeter than the Muse,—if you prefer luxurious habits to a life of patient and prudent industry,—then say good-by to the pen, and try almost any other occupation."

In George's eyes shone bright tears, as he replied, in tones thrilling with a fine enthusiasm, "Give me literature and daily bread, before honors, riches, everything! That's my choice."

"Then I say, God speed you!" replied the bookseller, with a sympathetic glimmer in his own eyes. "Meanwhile, don't be afraid of turning your hand to any other occupation, however humble, to earn the necessary bread, till you have gained a foothold in literature."

"I have made up my mind to that," said George, whose heart, so lately despairing, was now fired with heroic resolution.

"Come with me," then said the bookseller, putting on his hat.

George followed, wonderingly, as this new, wise and kind friend conducted him a short distance down the street, and then up two flights of office stairs, to a door, on which were lettered the words, so charming to the young poet's fancy:

UPTON'S LITERARY MAGAZINE.—EDITOR'S ROOM.

Mr. Upton was in,—a fleshy young man, of a rather dashy appearance,—and George was introduced, with a kind word from the bookseller, who then withdrew.

"I will read your manuscript to-night," said the editor. (It was "The Mohawk Spy," which George had placed in his hands.) "I hope it is a good story; for I am in want of a few first-rate, capital stories—something out of the beaten track."

George said he hoped he might have the pleasure of writing a few such for him; since, if the magazine needed the articles, he needed the pay for them still more. He remembered his experience with the *Western Empire*, and thought it best to

have the mercantile part of the transaction understood at once.

"My magazine is a new thing—hardly established yet, and I can't afford the prices now, which I mean to pay by-and-by. I pay a dollar a page, when the article is published. I hope this arrangement will suit you, and that your articles will suit the magazine."

George, glad of the prospect of any pay in the future, expressed himself satisfied, and went home, feeling—as he said to Jack afterwards—like a youth who had gone out in search of a castle in the air, and found himself at night only too happy to lay his head in a hut.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN EVENING AT BOWERY HALL.

GEORGE was indeed so much encouraged by the prospect of gaining a subsistence with his pen, that he quite abandoned the idea of earning more shillings by carrying trunks, or of playing the flute to Jack's dancing, at some of the great hotels.

"Wait, at all events, till I hear from my manuscript to-morrow," he urged.

"But you don't expect to get pay for it to-morrow," Jack argued. "The week is slipping away, another board bill will be due Saturday evening, and how are we going to meet it?"

"If I can get *one* piece accepted, that will make an opening for me elsewhere, and the money will begin to come in."

"Yes, to you, perhaps, but not to me. What am I going to do?"

"If I earn anything, it will be the same as if you earned it, you know," said George.

"I don't know!" exclaimed Jack. "I must be doing something to pay my way, till I get through with my business here. I don't yet give that up. When I do, then I give up New York, too, and work my passage on the boats straight back to Mr. Chatford's. But I sha'n't run in debt, in the meanwhile, if I can help it—not even to you, George, generous as you are! And *you* may be counting chickens that will never be hatched," Jack added, with a rather desolate smile.

"They'll be hatched sometime," cried George, confidently.

He went to the attic door to answer a rap.

A servant-girl handed in a note, which, she said, a boy had just left at the door for the "young gentleman."

"For me?" said George, eagerly, thinking it must be from some editor he had called on, and that it contained tidings of fortune. But the note was addressed to Jack.

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Greatly surprised, Jack opened it, and read as follows:

BOWERY HALL, Tuesday P. M.
DEAR SIR: Call and See me this Evening. My Triangle is sick, and I have a Magnificent Idea.—Respy'lly,

LUCIUS FITZ DINGLE,
Proprietor Colored Artist Troupe.

"His triangle sick!" cried Jack. "Who ever heard of a sick triangle?"

"It can't be triangle!" said George, taking the letter. "It is, though!" And for awhile both boys were as much puzzled as if Fitz Dingle had gravely informed them that his rhomboid had the measles, or his hypotenuse was down with a fever. "I have it!" George suddenly exclaimed. "A triangle is a kind of musical instrument."

"So it is!" laughed Jack. "And he means the member of his troupe who plays it. I'm not glad," he added, gleefully, "that a triangle, or any other geometrical figure, should be laid up with sickness; but I'm going around to Bowery Hall, to see what this affliction has to do with me."

"If you can work into his 'magnificent idea,' then we are in clover," said George,—"you with your heels, and I with my pen!"

Jack insisted on his friend's accompanying him, and they set out for Bowery Hall.

The place was easily found. Approaching, they saw from afar off, through the mist (for it was a drizzly evening), a huge transparency over the sidewalk, painted with the life-size figure of a colored minstrel playing a banjo, and grinning with a marvelous display of ivory, on a glowing background of gas-lit canvas. Beneath this they passed into a broad doorway, mounted a flight of stairs, and presented their tickets to the foremost of two men who stood just inside the entrance door of the hall.

"Keep your tickets—keep your tickets; pass right in—pass right in," cried the second man, with one good eye winking keenly at them over a hooked nose, while the lids of the other were peeling slowly apart. "Welcome to Bowery Hall! I'll talk with you by-and-by. Walk right in—wall right in; you'll see what a unique and elegant show it is!" And Mr. Fitz Dingle (for we recognize that enterprising proprietor), took the trouble to conduct them to eligible seats, placarded "RESERVED," well down in front.

The hall did not strike the boys as particularly elegant. Neither was the display of fashion on the part of the spectators so dazzling as might have been expected. The audience was good-humored, and somewhat coarse and loud, and addicted overmuch to caterwauling and peanuts.

That the place was not ventilated in the most approved modern style soon became apparent. At the same time, into the dim atmosphere of steam and dust from the assembling crowd, went up a

terrific noise of stamping and hooting and whistling from youthful spectators, who found it necessary thus to give vent to their excessive vitality while waiting for the performance to begin. A rattling piano, which did service in place of orchestra, struggled heroically against the overwhelming torrent of confused noises, and sometimes went down with a faint tinkle scarcely heard amid the breakers, and sometimes rode triumphantly on a lull.

At length the curtain rose, discovering the minstrels seated in a semicircle fronting the audience. Their faces were very black, their shirt-collars very large and very white, and their coats and trowsers all much too long or much too short, or designed in some other way to produce a burlesque effect.

These artists were five in number, and each was provided with some instrument of music. There were a banjo, a set of bones, a bass-viol, a fiddle, and a flute. The audience and the piano were silenced, and there was a hush of expectation, broken by the rich bass voice of one of the performers:

"Good morning, Dandy Jim!"

"Good morning yourself, Mr. Jones," replied the mellow tenor of Dandy Jim.

"I've cogitated one or two skintific questions I'd like to dispose to you and the other gentlemen of the profession," continued Mr. Jones.

He was invited to "elucidate;" and thereupon followed two or three conundrums and other small jokes, hardly of a nature to be transferred to these pages. They had the desired effect, however, of making the audience laugh. Then Mr. Jones inquired:

"How about that song I heard you singing under your lady's window last night, Dandy Jim?"

After considerable dispute about the lady's window, and many bashful excuses on the part of the sentimental Jim, when urged to favor the company with the said song, Mr. Jones proposed that they should keep him in countenance by all singing together. This agreed upon, the whole troupe burst into a chorus of melody, which so encouraged and inspired Jim, that he was afterwards enabled to perform his solo, with a banjo accompaniment, in a manner which brought out uproarious applause from the audience.

Then came more conundrums, and then more vocal and instrumental music, accompanied by some really comical acting.

"I don't wonder Fitz Dingle boasted he had the best Bones in this or any other country!" said George, laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. "Look at the fellow!"

After Dandy Jim had melodiously informed the audience that he was "the best-looking nigger in

the country, O!" and the remarkable fact that Nellie Bly was in the habit of shutting her eye when she went to sleep, had become pretty well established,—and Susannah had been pathetically entreated not to weep for the young man who was going to Alabama with his banjo on his knee,—there was a lull in the songs and conundrums, which was presently enlivened by a new arrival.

A very tall and slim, and very awkward plantation darkey entered upon the scene, staring about him in a way which indicated inexperience of the world. Some coarse jokes passed between him and his more polite and better-informed brethren; when, after walking around them, and staring with stupid wonder at their coat-tails and shirt-collars, as if he had never seen fashionably-dressed darkeys before, he wished to be enlightened as to that "quar, long-handled skillet with strings," which Dandy Jim held in his hand. His thirst for knowledge was gratified by the information that it was a banjo. He then wished to know "what it was fer;" at which simple questions Bones seemed in imminent danger of turning himself inside out with excessive merriment. Dandy Jim, by way of explanation, obligingly touched a string. At the first note, the electrified questioner leaped—his length of limb proving favorable to the movement—half across the stage. At the second note, he leaped as far in another direction. At a third touch,—which Dandy Jim ventured, reckless of consequences,—he jumped completely over Bones, who keeled from his seat to the floor in shrieking hysterics, and came up chattering and gibbering and snapping his eyes, more like a terrified ape than anything human.

Dandy Jim gradually passed from his staccato prelude into a lively plantation jig, which carried the long-limbed leaper with it into a dance, which made George and Jack nudge each other hard.

"He's the new man!" "It's Goffer!" they whispered to each other.

It was now his brother artists' turn to be overcome by wonder and admiration, which Bones, particularly, illustrated by some very laughable performances. He hopped about the dancer like a toad; now stretching up tall to look over him, now crouching low to look under his feet, and even getting leaped over two or three times when curiosity carried him too far. All the while he kept up an amusing accompaniment with his clappers, which advanced with cautious clicks or rattled with starts of astonishment, or whirled off in fits of insane rapture, expressive of the mixed emotions of his soul.

The new-comer wound up by snatching the banjo, and picking the strings to his own dancing; which feat so overcame Bones, that he tumbled flat

upon his back, and clattered and kicked with legs and arms in the air.

"That's good," commented George, when the dance was near its conclusion; "but it is n't *you*!"

"It's great jumping, but not what I call —"

Jack had got so far in his criticism, when a young man touched him on the shoulder, and said that Mr. Fitz Dingle would like to speak with him.

"Wait here till I come back," he said to George, and followed the messenger.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FITZ DINGLE AND THE COLORED MINSTRELS.

JACK was taken around the hall by the outer circle, then through a little corner door into a passage beside the stage. Glancing through openings in the wing, he could see the artists still at their antics; and he came near running against the tall Mr. Goffer, who had just come off.

"Beg pardon!" said Jack, who "felt queer" (as he afterwards told his friend) on finding himself in personal contact with a being who seemed to him a sort of embodied fiction,—a creature who did not belong to the actual world.

"No harm," replied Goffer, fanning his blackened face with his plantation hat. "Where's Fitz Dingle?"

"This way," said a voice farther on; and Jack caught sight of the hooked nose and comical eye at the end of the passage. The other eye was twinkling with great satisfaction,—at Goffer, however, not at Jack.

"How was it, eh?" said Goffer, as Fitz Dingle took them into the company's dressing-room.

"Capital! a decided hit!" said the manager. "For a first appearance—good! very good! What do you say to it?" turning to Jack.

"I thought the whole performance very entertaining," Jack replied.

"Of course. I knew you would be delighted. My show, in its characteristic features, has n't its equal in the world; I say it boldly,—not in the civilized world. In its peculiar features, you understand. What part pleased you most?"

"Oh, Bones I think the funniest fellow! I never saw anything so ludicrous!"

"Bones is a finished artist—a great genius!" said Fitz Dingle. "He is an entertainment of himself. But there's one difficulty—the public are used to him; and what a show like this needs is variety—novelty—surprise. Goffer is a surprise,—though, between me and you" (lowering his voice, and glancing at the tall artist, who had walked off to a looking-glass), "he aint a great genius like Bones; he won't last like Bones; I shall be obliged to supplement him—follow him up with some new

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attraction. Sir!" said Fitz Dingle, expanding his soiled white waistcoat, and putting on a fierce, pompous look, "you've no conception of the vast amount of thought it requires—the talent, the tact, I may say the genius" (touching his forehead)—"to keep up an entertainment like this. The public sees the splendid result; but the public does *not* see—the public is blind" (he stuck his bad eye very tightly

do that,"—for Fitz Dingle had produced the instrument, and shown how simple a thing it was for a person with a "good notion of time" to learn to play it,—"but the other part!" and Jack shook his head, laughing at the ridiculous suggestion.

"There's no doubt about it whatever!" Fitz Dingle declared. "You can adapt yourself. I'll see to everything. Only you put yourself under my direction. Attend our rehearsals the rest of the week, and give your whole mind to the business; then I'll make a special announcement of you for next Monday night, when your engagement and pay will begin."

"What is the pay to be?" Jack inquired, poising the triangle in his left hand, and touching it softly with the striker.

"Three dollars a week at first, with a chance of three or four times that amount in as many weeks, in case you prove a big success, as I've no doubt you will."

The temptation was too great to be resisted by an enterprising lad in Jack's straightened circumstances; and the bargain was closed.

"Now, if we could get a fresh hand, to make us up a little dialogue,—something rich and sparkling, you know,—for your daybew, ——"

"My what?" queried Jack.

"Excuse me. I forget you're not a professional. 'Daybew'—first appearance." (French, *début*.) "You'll soon catch the terms. I've generally arranged the jokes and conversations, with a little assistance from Bones and Dandy Jim. But our stock is getting rather threadbare, and I'd give a good price for something new and racy."

With the instinct of true friendship, Jack had constantly, in his thoughts, connected George with his own advancing fortunes; and now he eagerly caught at an opportunity of turning the new position of affairs to his friend's advantage.

"The young fellow you saw with me,—he is an author; writes for the magazines and newspapers,—prose, poetry, stories, songs—I don't know what else; he could get you up something."

"Is he a joker?" inquired Fitz Dingle.

"Capital!" said Jack. "He is always making puns and conundrums;" which was, indeed, the truth, although it has not been developed in these



"THE TALENT, THE TACT,—I MAY SAY, THE GENIUS."

together, as if to represent the public vision)—"blind, sir, to the intellectual power, and the vast strain upon the intellectual power, behind the scenes."

Jack, anxious to come to business, interrupted this harangue with, "You wrote me that your Triangle was sick."

"Yes; gave up this afternoon. A very useful man—not brilliant—good fair tenor—consumption, I'm afraid—and that put into my head an idea," Fitz Dingle rattled on. And he proceeded to unfold the said idea, while Jack listened with reddening cheeks and downcast eyes. "What do you say, young man?"

"I'm afraid I never could!" said Jack. "I don't mean playing the triangle, I think I could

pages, for the reason that what is funny enough in jocose conversation, is too apt to appear flat in print.

"Bring him with you to the rehearsals," said Fitz Dingle. "If he is up to the business, no doubt I can give him highly lucrative employment. In short," he added, with the usual swell and flourish and peeling open of the comical eye, "put yourselves under my direction, and you are sure of large incomes; I may say fortunes,—fortunes, young man!"

The first part of the performance was now over, and during the intermission the room was thronged by the minstrels, lounging about, talking in their natural tones, and perhaps touching up their faces with burnt cork. The contrast of their easy and quiet behavior, with their artificial complexions and grotesque costumes, struck Jack almost as funnily as anything they did on the stage. Bones was especially an object of curiosity to him; and he was much surprised to find that incarnation of buffoonery the most serious and gentlemanly person of the troupe. Dandy Jim alone seemed inclined to carry the tricks and grimaces of his assumed character into private life.

Jack walked about on the stage while the curtain was down, and talked with Fitz Dingle and Goffer, and even enjoyed the high honor of exchanging a few words with that eminent person of genius, Mr. Bones. Seeing the proprietor applying his good eye to a little hole in the curtain, through which, himself unseen, he could survey the audience on the other side, Jack went and took his turn at the aperture. A misty sea of faces was before him; and it must be owned that a curious feeling came over the boy, at the thought of his appearing before such an audience on the following Monday night.

He saw George sitting alone, and looking rather melancholy down in front; and wished he could make himself seen by him through the eyelet. But just then Fitz Dingle touched him on the shoulder. Looking around, he perceived that the minstrels had already taken their places, in readiness for the second part of the performance. The bell tinkled, and Jack's heels had just time to disappear in the wing when the curtain rose.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PEN AND PURSE.

GREAT was the astonishment of George, when his friend returned to the seat beside him, and told him, in gleeful whispers, the result of his interview with Fitz Dingle.

"But I never can write negro talk!" he said, smothering his laughter.

"This is n't negro talk," replied Jack, "but only a kind of made-up lingo. You can catch it, and then make up some more, as well as anybody."

George did not say whether he thought he could or not. But he now regarded the minstrels with fresh interest; and on the way home, and for hours after he got to bed, his brain teemed with dialogues and songs, with which (as he fondly hoped) future audiences in Bowery Hall were to be kept in a roar.

At ten o'clock the next day, he went with Jack to the rehearsal, and showed Fitz Dingle a few things which he had jotted down.

The professional eye sparkled with satisfaction.

"Excellent! Capital! You've got the idea, exactly. It only needs working up. You've dramatic talent, too,—why, here's a very good dramatic situation! I believe, after a little study and experience, you can write us a play, a regular low comedy piece,—hits at the times,—interspersed with songs and dances—appropriate parts for all our artists!" And Fitz Dingle puffed and glared and winked his good eye, and closed and peeled open the funny one, in the enthusiasm kindled by these fertile suggestions of his genius.

George was greatly encouraged; and he began at once to think of writing something which should not only suit Fitz Dingle, and divert the public, but also serve to elevate the character of the performances at Bowery Hall.

"I believe," thought he, "that an entertainment need not be too broadly burlesqued, in order to be amusing; and who knows —?" his mind wandering off in a splendid, but rather vague, vision of future success and usefulness.

The rehearsal was nothing like what the boys had thought it would be. The minstrels did not take the trouble to black their faces, or change their clothes, or even their manners, for the occasion, but appeared much like common place mortals, met together to talk over a dull matter of business. Nobody would have believed that the serious man with the clappers in his hands, who languidly went through his part, like one but half awake, was the imitable mimic, the inspired Bones, of the night before.

"Now, my lad," cried Fitz Dingle, approaching Jack, after the new things for the evening's performance had been arranged, "I want you to show the gentlemen what you can do."

Jack modestly took a position near the centre of the stage, and waited for Mr. Jenkins (the Dandy Jim of the previous night) to get ready his banjo and play an appropriate air. George stood near by, anxiously watching him, while Fitz Dingle and his artists were grouped around. The dance began

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rather quietly, and George feared his friend might have caught too much of the careless spirit of the rehearsal. But gradually Jack warmed up to his work; his face became animated, his attitudes agile and jaunty, and every movement alive with a lithe grace and gayety; so, with hand on hip, or flung airily above his head, he went through with his marvelous double-shuffle, and, at the close, bowed laughingly at an imaginary audience in the hall.

Fitz Dingle clapped enthusiastically; others nodded approvingly; and the serious Mr. Bones was heard to remark, at George's elbow, that a young fellow who could do that could do anything. Only Goffer, it was observed, made no sign, but walked off, looking melancholy.

After that, Jack touched the triangle to the music of the banjo, and found that he could easily master that instrument of sweetly tinkling sounds. Then he and his friend went home, highly elated with the result of the forenoon's business.

In the afternoon, George called at the office of *Upton's Literary Magazine*, and met with a cordial reception from the dashy young editor.

"Pretty good story," said Mr. Upton, taking the manuscript from a pigeon-hole over his desk. "Will make about five and a-half pages. I shall try to get it into our next number. Not in the June—that is already in type; but the July."

So at last George had got one article really accepted by a paying magazine! It was a great event in his history; at least, it seemed so to him then. The editor's manner had prepared him for the welcome news, and he was not visibly excited by it; only a glistening of the eye and a tremor of the lips betraying the inward relief and satisfaction which he felt.

"Do you think I can write something else for you?" he quietly asked.

"Yes; good short stories. And it has occurred to me that you can write us a novelette, to run through, say, half-a-dozen numbers. I see you've got what few young writers have—an idea of character. Your 'Old Backwoodsman' is first-rate. Perhaps a trifle too Leatherstockingish (you've read Cooper, I see), but not enough to do any hurt. You've dramatic talent, too; did you know it?"

"So I've been told," George replied, with a smile, remembering the words of Fitz Dingle.

"Suppose you try your hand at a novelette, and let me see the first chapters; I can tell whether you hit the nail on the head. Good, lively stories, full of humor and human nature—plenty of incident, good plot, and all that—are rare in the market; and I believe you're up to just that sort of thing. What do you say?"

George said, that with such encouragement, he should like extremely well to try his hand at the work proposed. And he left the editorial presence with a heart so light that he seemed to be treading on air.

He scarcely knew which way he walked, but turned his steps instinctively towards his favorite place of resort,—the Battery,—where the sight of the green grass, and the trees, and the dashing water, and the bay enlivened by ferry-boats and sails, might well bring refreshment to the heart of a country boy in town.

There, under the powerful stimulus of knowing that his talents were recognized, and that something was wanted of him, George thought of the subject, and of some of the characters and scenes, of a novelette for Mr. Upton, which he determined to begin without delay. It was to be a story of pioneer life, embodying some of the early settlers' adventures with the Indians, which he remembered to have heard related in his childhood.

The shilling which had been earned by carrying a trunk, was now boldly invested in foolscap, and the front attic of Mrs. Libby's house assumed a decidedly literary aspect. George commenced "Jacob Price, the Pioneer," and divided his time between that and the work he had undertaken for Bowery Hall. It must be owned that the romance was much more to his taste than the dialogues, and that his interest in these was kept up only because they promised a present gain, while he could not expect pay for his magazine articles until they were published.

As Saturday night was drawing near, when the boys would have to pay another week's board in advance, if they staid at Mrs. Libby's, George did not neglect the newspaper offices, where he had hoped to raise a little money on his poems and sketches. He met with no success. He found editors willing enough to print his articles, but not to pay for them. And even Fitz Dingle, who had a sharp eye for his own interests, turned only the dull one (provokingly stuck together) to the boys' necessities, which they respectfully laid before him.

"It's against my rule," he said, "to pay anybody a cent in advance. If I should break that rule, my whole troupe would come down on me. Everyone would want assistance. My business would be ruined. Artists (between ourselves) are the most improvident set of men in the world."

It was not so clear to the boys that a loan of four dollars, to relieve their immediate distress, would involve Bowery Hall in ultimate disaster. But men who have at heart no principle of action will often insist most strenuously upon one which they find it convenient to assume. And so Fitz Dingle, who might have told the boys truly that he could

not always pay what he actually owed, chose to put them off with a pretence.

CHAPTER XXV.

PROFESSOR DE WALDO AND MASTER FELIX.

ON Saturday, as George was retiring from a newspaper office with a rejected manuscript, a stranger, with a smiling countenance, and in seedy apparel,—his coat buttoned to his chin,—followed him out.

"You are a writer, I believe," said the man, accosting him at the foot of the stairs.

"In a humble way," George admitted.

"On the contrary," said the man, with a flattering smile, on a lean and not very prepossessing visage, "I think you are a very good writer;" and he bowed deferentially, placing his hand on his chest, across which his coat was tightly buttoned.

George, who was in no mood to be trifled with, and did not quite like the stranger's manners, asked what means he had of forming such an opinion.

"From your talk with the editor, up stairs. He made a great mistake in rejecting your piece. I think it was because you wanted pay for it."

"I think so, too," said George.

"Allow me to glance at it. Excuse the liberty," said the man, with a skinny smile, "but I am—ha—a little in the literary line myself."

"An author?"

The man pleasantly shook his head. "Guess agin."

"An editor?" said George, reluctantly giving the manuscript.

"Neither," replied the man, politely receiving it. "Ah! I see you are indeed a ready writer. Would that I had the wings of a dove, and that mine enemy had written a book!" he added, softly and sweetly, though somewhat irrelevantly, as it seemed to George. "I am Professor De Waldo."

"Indeed?" said George, because he did not know what else to say.

"Professor of Biological Science and Mesmerism. You write for money. I am in the way of getting things wrote, which I pay money for. I think we can trade. Thank you." And Professor

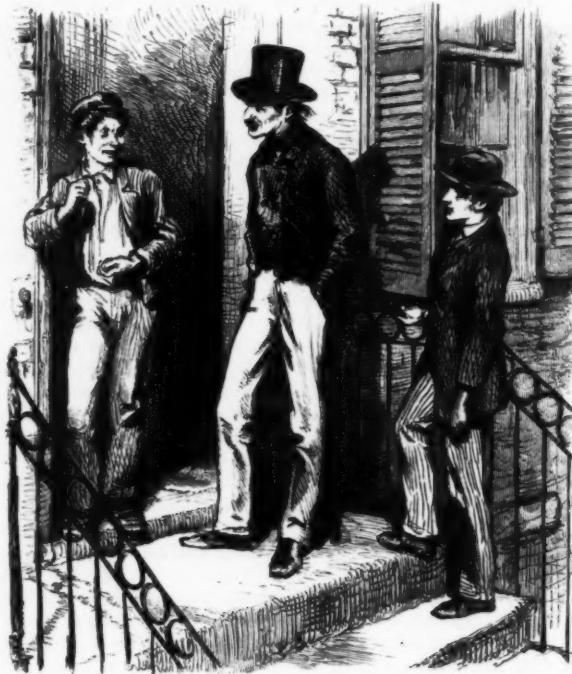
De Waldo returned the manuscript with a bow, adding, "Remarkably fine, I am sure!"

George now became interested, and wished to know what he could do for the Professor of Biological Science and Mesmerism.

"I have to lay my discoveries before the public. In a condensed and cheerful way,—no long-winded treatise, you understand,—in short, a hand-bill."

"I know nothing about Biological Science or Mesmerism," George objected.

"Not necessary. Come to my room. I'll give you the ideas, and you shall put 'em in words



"ANY CALLERS?" ASKED THE PROFESSOR.

Something in this style." And Professor De Waldo showed him a soiled slip of printed paper,—evidently the advertisement of some quack doctor,—which he wished to have imitated.

George saw that it would not require much professional knowledge or literary skill to write such a document; and with a smile, he said he thought he could do it.

"How much will it be worth to you—a paper about the length of this?" he inquired.

"Fix your own price; money is a small consideration with me," answered the professor, loftily.

But George, who was to undertake the job solely for the money it would bring him in (just as he would have undertaken to carry trunks or dig potatoes), required a rather more definite statement of terms.

"O, five or ten dollars,—not less than five; but we'll arrange that without any trouble. The laborer is worthy of his hire," said the liberal professor, "and I am one that had always druther pay too much than too little, especially to literary men. Come with me."

He took George to a somewhat shabby-looking house on Murray street, in the doorway of which stood a shabby-looking lad, amusing himself by blowing peas through a tube, at some doves in the gutter.

"Any callers?" asked the professor of this youthful marksman.

"Nobody but the furniture man," the boy replied, with a grin. He blew a pea, and added, "He brought his bill again, for the sofa-bed."

"Never mind about that," said the professor, shortly. Then, turning to George, "This is my mesmeric subject,—Master Felix,—a very remarkable clairvoyant. Walk up stairs."

Preceded by the professor, and followed by the mesmeric subject, George went up one flight, to a gloomy back room, lighted by a single window that looked out in a narrow court between high brick walls.

"Take a seat here at the table. I'll give ye the pints while you write 'em down. To begin with—Master Felix, tell the gentleman how you happen to be with me."

"The professor was lecturing in our town," began the boy, preparing to blow a pea out of the window.

"Put up your pastime, and 'tend to business," said the professor. "I was lectorin in your town, was I? And what town was that? Be explicit. Facts is facts."

"Chester, Pennsylvania," said the boy, stooping to pick up a pea he had dropped.

"On the Delaware river; a very old and very respectable town," added the professor. "Any person"—he made a sweeping gesture with his hands, and stood as if addressing an audience—"any person or persons doubtin' the facts of this very wonderful case, can easily satisfy themselves by takin' the slight trouble of runnin' down to Chester, and makin' careful inquiries—too much care cannot be took in such matters—of any number of people, includin' three clergymen and five physicians, whose names I shall be most happy to furnish. I was lectorin in the place, to a remarkably large and intelligent aujence, when this young

gentleman — But tell your own story." Seeing the tube still in the boy's hands, he muttered in a gruff undertone, "Put up that pop-gun, or I'll smash it." Then added, blandly, aloud, "Tell your own story, Master Felix."

"I was in the back part of the hall, when you was lecturing, and I felt your magnetic power, and marched down the aisle, and up to the platform—at least, so they tell me; for I never knew how I got there."

"No; and you did n't know how you read with your eyes bandaged, and told what was in the pockets of the gentlemen in the front seats—one thing being a lock of a young lady's hair in a letter, which the young man was very much ashamed, and the aujence amused. You did n't know it; and why?"

"I suppose, 'cause I was under the influence."

"Because he was under the influence," repeated the professor, still addressing George as if he were a large public assembly. "And why, Master Felix, have you been here with me ever since?"

"'Cause I could n't help it; felt drawn to ye. If the professor is miles away," said Master Felix, in his turn addressing the audience, "I feel him, and can't be easy, partic'larly if he wills me to come to him; then I have to go."

"No matter how dark the night, or how thick the bandages on his eyes, if I will him to come to me,—wherever I be,—he comes. Is that so, Master Felix? A most marvelous clairvoyant!" the professor went on; "can pint out lost or stolen articles, and prescribe for all kinds of diseases with most astonishin' success. The medicines I have prepared under his direction, is the most extraordinary now in use."

George glanced from the professor to the mesmeric subject, and said he thought it quite likely.

"I've lectered and given public exhibitions with this boy in a great many places," continued De Waldo; "and now we open here next week, with private settins in this room, to which the public is respec'fully invited. What I want is somethin' takin', for a hand-bill—somethin' to excite curiosity, and bring in the crowd. And now for the main pints, which you can fill up from your fancy."

George took down the "pints," and said he thought he could have the paper ready that evehing.

"Very well," replied the professor; "then this evenin' you shall have the cash for it; five dollars if it's good, and ten dollars if it's very good. Now, put in the big licks,—make it flamin', ye know, and, above all, good-natered,—for, whatever else ye may call me, I'm the best-natered man in the world. Master Felix, show the gentleman down stairs."

(To be continued)

A TOAD.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

CLOSE by the basement door-step,
 A representative toad
 Has made, all the sultry summer,
 His quiet and cool abode;
 And the way he bumps and bounces
 About on the area stones,
 Would break every bone in his body,
 Except that he has no bones.

When a man is cringing and abject,
 And fawns for a selfish end,
 Why they should call him a *toady*
 What mortal can comprehend?
 Since for resolute independence,
 Despising the courtier's code,
 And freedom from mean ambitions,
 There's nobody like the toad.

I know how strongly against him
 Some popular whimsies go;
 But the toad is never vicious,
 Nor silly, nor stupid, nor slow.
 Stupid? Perhaps you never
 Noticed his jewel eyes?
 Slow? or his tongue's red lightning
 Striking the darting flies?

Oh, but the mouth he carries
 To make its dimensions clear,
 One longs to describe it briefly,
 As reaching from ear to ear;
 But that no Professor of reptiles
 Is able (so far as appears)
 In books upon kindred subjects
 To locate batrachian ears.

No matter how stern and solemn
 The markings about his eyes,
 The width of his mouth preserves him
 From wearing too grave a guise;
 It gives him the look (no matter
 How sad he may be the while
 Or deep in profound abstraction)
 Of smiling a chronic smile.

His ponderous locomotion,
 Though brimful of nerve and force,
 And well enough here in the area,
 Would n't do for a trotting-course;
 Too modest to run for Congress,
 Too honest for Wall street's strife,
 His principles all unfit him
 For aught but a virtuous life.

A hole in the ground contents him,—
 So little he asks of fate;
 Philosopher under a dock-leaf,
 He sits like a king in state.
 Should a heedless footstep mash him,
 In gravel absorbed and blent,
 He never complains or grumbles,—
 He knows it was accident.

No drudging scribe in a sanctum,
 No writer of prose or rhyme,
 Gets through with so much hard thinking
 In the course of a summer-time;
 And if sometimes he jumps at conclusions,
 He does it with accurate aim
 And after mature reflection,—
 Would all of us did the same!

But what will he do this winter,
 In the wind and snow and hail,
 With his poor soft, unclad body
 Unsheltered by wings or tail?
 He cannot go south, poor fellow,
 In search of a milder air,
 For spring would be back triumphant,
 Before he was half-way there!

But what are his plans for the future,
 Or where he intends to go,
 Or what he is weighing and planning,
 Are things we shall never know.
 He winks if you ask him a question,
 And keeps his own counsel well;
 For in fact, like the needy knife-grinder,
 He has never a story to tell!

FIRE-CRACKERS AND THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

A GOOD many elderly people are afflicted with dreadful head-aches on the Fourth of July; but I suspect they don't mind it very much, for in every puff of blue smoke that wreathes itself under their noses, they see a boy's or a girl's happy face.

It is a queer custom, this setting-off of fireworks, but it is observed in many countries; among others, in England on the Fifth of November, in China on New Year's Day, and in South America on all suitable and unsuitable occasions. As you know, the Fifth of November is the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, in which a sad scamp named Guy Fawkes schemed to blow up the House of Parliament, with all the members, great and small, inside. But the plot was discovered and defeated, and the patriotic people of England still celebrate their escape. On every anniversary of the day they have fireworks and bonfires, and the boys burn effigies of the traitor. I have seen a capital Guy Fawkes made with a broom-stick, a ragged old coat, a battered old hat, and a penny paper mask. Boxes of matches, squibs, and crackers were secreted about his ugly person, and then he was carried over the town in an old chair, with a chorus of noisy youngsters following after and singing:

Gunpowder plot shall never be forgot,
As long as old England stands upon a rock!

When he had been paraded through all the streets, and reviled, and pelted with stones, he was planted on the top of a bonfire for a throne and burned, amid the splutterings and fumes of the crackers and squibs hidden in his dress.

In the Southern States, as those of you who live there know, Christmas Day is the great occasion for fireworks, and then there is as much desire for crackers and pin-wheels as in the North on the Fourth. In China, the almond-eyed natives fire off their crackers on New Year's Day, as I have said, and travelers state that the noise continues from early morning until midnight, without the least intermission. It is not the children alone who enjoy themselves; men and women share in the amusement with just as much zest as the youngsters. In South American countries, such as Chili and Peru, a friend of mine, who lived there, tells me that fireworks are introduced at every festival, and especially at those of the Church. The people derive a frantic sort of pleasure from them, and set

them off in broad daylight and at all hours of the night. He is an enthusiastic fellow himself, and I am not sure that he does not exaggerate a little, but he says that he has seen a sane business-man leave his office in midday and go into the street to send off a rocket. During church services also fireworks are displayed, so there is a perpetual Fourth of July. Perhaps some of you think it would be nice to live in such a place; I don't.

What I want to tell you in this sketch, however, is about the manufacture of fireworks. The other day, I bought three packages of crackers, all manufactured in China, and paid eight cents each for them. You know how they are packed—in white straw paper, with a crimson label bearing an inscription printed in gilt characters. Well, when I



A PACK OF FIRE-CRACKERS.

got home, I began to wonder what the inscription on the margin meant. I am not a learned person, so I asked a Japanese student who understands Chinese to translate it for me. As the centre of one label is filled with the outline of an eagle, the pack evidently is designed for young Americans. And the wonderful-looking characters proved, after all, to be nothing more than an advertisement of the dealers, reading, when translated, as follows:

Our office is in Ou Sen, and we make the best kind of fire-crackers. Please copy down the advertisement, and we hope there will be no mistake.



THE TWO CHINAMEN.

On the second pack are figures of two Chinamen, and the following inscription in Chinese :

The original store is now at the Square of Kau Chin, and we set before the public beautiful articles, including fire-crackers, made by ourselves. We hope our customers will write down the advertisement and remember.

On the same pack the address of the firm—pronounced, Man Puku Do—is given ; translated, it means : " Ten thousand Prosperity Chambers." On the third pack there is the outline of a dragon, and in English, on the label, " Crescent Chop.—Superior Fire-crackers." Perhaps I was a little disappointed in finding that the outlandish characters had not something to say more significant than these things ; but my interest was aroused, and I looked further into the matter. I went to the store of the largest importer of fire-crackers in America, and mentioned your names—the readers of ST. NICHOLAS—to him.

I could not have had a better introduction, for he

immediately took me into his confidence, and gave me some valuable facts, which I repeat here for your benefit.

In each of the packs I had bought, there were eighty crackers, so that I obtained two hundred and forty in all, for twenty-four cents. Could anything be cheaper ? It scarcely seemed possible, but the importer told me that in China the wholesale price of each pack is only two cents, which includes the exporter's profit. For considerably less than one cent, then, a Chinaman makes forty of these little rolls of paper, fills them with the ingredients, and strings them together. Most of them are made for large firms in Hong Kong, by the peasants in the suburbs during their leisure hours, just as the poor people of Germany and Switzerland employ their spare moments in making watches and toys. They are brought to America, packed in boxes containing forty packs each, in sailing-ships coming by the long and stormy passage round Cape Horn, the southern extremity of South America. The dealers could not afford to pay for the freight of them, or a ship, loaded with nothing but fire-crackers, might often come over ; so they are used as ballast in vessels where the cargo consists of silks and teas. As nearly as the importer could guess, ten million packs are brought to America and sold every year.

He next lighted a candle and led me into a dark cellar. Here there were stored, from the floor to the ceiling, numberless small boxes. Outside, they looked precisely like tea-chests, wrapped in paper of a brownish-green color, and stamped all over in black with Chinese characters. Another wrapper made of straw matting enclosed the paper, and was securely fastened by ropes of plaited straw.

" These are all sold," said the importer, " and as soon as the canals open we shall begin to send them out."

He also showed me a lot of card-board boxes, containing ten packs of a thousand torpedoes each. No torpedoes are imported. There are several German families in the suburbs of New York who



MAN PUKE DO.



THE DRAGON.

make them almost exclusively, and supply the market.

My inquiries about fire-crackers led us into the subject of fireworks generally, and the importer



SIFTING AND MIXING MACHINES.

told me that about seven firms in America sell \$500,000 worth in a year. There's a pretty story to tell our parents! It takes a great deal of pocket-money, to be sure, and there are better ways of spending it; but I am not writing a sermon, and you must think the matter over and decide for yourselves.

From the importer's office, I went to a large firework manufactory at Middle Village, Long Island. The business is not all done in one great building, as you might suppose, but is distributed between nearly twenty small ones, all of them separate, and some of them scarcely more than sheds. This arrangement is to prevent a fire from spreading, in case one should break out. As I crossed the yard with one of the proprietors, he pointed to a solid-looking chest, with heavy iron doors.

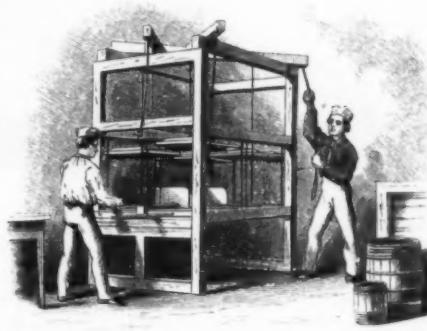
"That," he said, "is our powder magazine."

It stands alone on a plot of ground, and no light is allowed to approach it. At the other end of the yard is the wood-room, where are stored bundles upon bundles of sticks for rockets; tin cans for colored fires; round wooden boxes for "mines" and "batteries;" tripods for a new kind of rocket that is held by three sticks, instead of one; discs of every size for "pin-wheels;" small frames for "triangles," and large frames, reaching to the ceiling, for "exhibition pieces." You must bear in mind that such designs as American flags, eagles and ships are not called fireworks; a pyrotechnist distinguishes them as "exhibition pieces." Some of these cost over fifty dollars each. The workman binds lengths of paper tubing to the slender frame, and when the match is applied, the

whole design is ignited by a swift train, and a fiery star-spangled banner is streaming in the air. The fireworks made in the greatest number are Roman candles and rockets. Three hundred and sixty thousand one-ball candles are made by one firm every year.

Not far from the wood-room, we come to the paper-room, which contains twenty-five tons of paper, to be used in fireworks. Some of it has been rolled into boxes and tubes, and much more is stored in sheets, reaching the ceiling. Next door, is the mixing-room, where we find the head of the establishment at work in a leather suit compounding ingredients for a lot of Roman candles. He is a chemist; and when we asked how he learned the secrets of his business, he told us that when he was a small boy in England, and engaged in another trade, he acquired a taste for chemistry, as applied to the manufacture of fireworks. In a small out-house of his father's, he spent all his leisure, experimenting and burning himself, and frightening his poor mother out of her wits. When he emigrated to America he had a chance for himself, and at once chose to be a firework-maker.

In opposite corners of the same room are two machines, one used for sifting, and the other for mixing. They both look alike, and are very simple in form. The saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal are first placed in the sifting machine, where they are tossed about in a rotary sieve, the fine portions falling into a tray beneath, and the lumps remain-



MACHINE FOR CUTTING STARS.

ing in the netting above. When this has been done, and the lumps have been powdered, the ingredients are placed in the mixing machine, and are here rolled and rolled about for five or ten minutes, when they are fit for use.

While we were present the chemist and his assistants were busy preparing a mysterious composition of several pale colors. What do you think

it was? Stars for Roman candles and rockets. It was rolled into cakes about half-an-inch thick and about two feet square. A man then came in and carried it off to another room where there was a machine for cutting it into little lozenges. The largest cakes were deposited on a brass plate, full of little holes. Meanwhile, another workman was standing at a rope, which held up a second plate, with a number of nipples corresponding with the holes, and this gradually descended on the composition, pressing it through the holes on to a tray beneath, where it arrived in round and smooth bits. Five hundred stars are made by the machine in ten minutes.

They have a room in the establishment which is used only for the storage of stars. There are long rows of shelves, occupied by small barrels painted different colors, corresponding with those of the stars they hold. Some of them are also marked by letters such as these :

Y. R. S.—R. R. S.

which mean, "yellow rocket stars," and "red rocket stars." Forty barrels of white stars alone, each containing many thousand, are used every year. Here the proprietor also showed me an immense iron mortar, which discharges one thousand five hundred stars at a time; and then he led me

into a work-room, where several boys and girls were employed. Generally, only one kind of fireworks is made at a time, and on this day the hands were confined to Roman candles.

At one bench in the work-room there was a pyramid of card-board barrels, about six inches long and one inch in diameter. Into the bottom of these, four boys were pouring small quantities of finely-powdered clay, ramming it well in, and then passing the barrels to a man, who poured in a charge of gunpowder, and rammed that in too. When all this had been done, a second workman took them in hand, adding an explosive composition to the contents, and afterwards dropping in two stars and sealing the whole with some more composition. Some girls at the other end of the room finished the business. They took the common brown paper barrels, wrapped them in silver and gilt and fancy-colored paper, and so beautified them that I wondered if the men who had done the clumsier work could recognize them.

In another room two strong men were packing the completed fireworks for transportation to all parts of the country. It was yet spring, but these great wooden boxes, filled with "scrolls," "mosaic filigree," and "flower-pots," were already sold to dealers for trade with our lads and lasses on the "glorious Fourth."



THE HOME SERVICE.

BY M. D. BRINE.

GRANDPA hears the church-bells ringing
On the holy Sabbath morn.
Poor old grandpa! he is aged,
And his strength is sorely worn.
So, within his chair he's sitting,
With his grandchild round him flitting.

But the childish eyes discover
That his gaze is churchward turned.
Precious child! her heart is thoughtful,
Tho' she be not wise or learned,
"Dear old grandpa, don't be sorry!
Mate a minister of Florry."

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Soon the Bible, large and heavy,
Lies upon the little knee,
Upside down; but Florry, singing
Little hymns so earnestly,
Never dreams but that *her* preaching
Equals all the church is teaching.

Good old grandpa! he is happy
With the little singer near;
Now, "I want to be an angel"
Sweetly falls upon his ear.
But—what's this?—the church is closing;
Tired grandpapa is dozing!

NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

CHAPTER XIV.

NIMPO'S BRIGHT IDEA.

DAYS came and went,—each day seeming longer and bleaker than the last, in spite of what Mrs. Primkins described as "more mischiefs and goings-on than there were hairs on a cat's back,"—when, at last, Nimpo received a letter from her father.

Rush eagerly leaned over her shoulder as she read it aloud :

MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER: I suppose you think it is about time we came home. So do we, and we hope to start in a day or two —

"Oh, goody!" shouted Rush. Nimpo fairly danced for joy, waving the letter like a banner in her hand. Then she hugged Robbie, and told him mother was coming, and settled down to finish the letter :

I had occasion yesterday to go down Maiden lane, and I thought how pleased you would be to be with me. Maiden lane is a long, narrow street running out of Broadway. Here are located various stores filled with wonderful things. Whips and tops and balls, that would delight Rush and Robbie beyond measure. Walking-canes that can be changed into chairs in two minutes, and large wax-dolls with eyes which can be opened or closed at pleasure, —

"Oh dear!" sighed Nimpo. "I wish —" Then she went on :

which, of course, a young lady almost in her "teens" would not want. [Nimpo drew a long sigh.] I saw rocking-horses large enough for a boy of ten to ride on, —

"Oh, I *hope* he'll bring me one!" said Rush, fervently.

and boats with sails that can be spread by pulling a string.

"Oh, I'd rather have the boat!" interrupted Rush again.

"Do let me finish the letter," said Nimpo, reading :

But I'll tell you all about these and many other things when I return. Your mother is very well, and sends word to have Sarah notified of our return. Be a good girl, and mind Mrs. Primkins.

"Humph!" said Nimpo.
Your affectionate Father.

The first thing that Nimpo did, after reading the letter over twice, was to rush up stairs and cram every one of her things into her trunk.

When, at last, she went to bed, after telling the good news to everyone she met, she tumbled and tossed and could not sleep, and, finally, a bright idea came into her head. It was too bright to keep to herself till morning, so she got up, and, hastily wrapping herself in a blanket, went to Rush's door.

"Rush, are you awake?" she said.

"Yes," said Rush. "I'm so glad the folks are coming that I can't go to sleep."

"Neither can I," said Nimpo, going in and sitting down on the foot of Rush's bed. "And I'll tell you what I mean to do to-morrow. I mean to go and see Sarah, as mother told me in the letter; and I'm going to have her come up and bake bread and things, so as to have something to eat when they come."

"Oh, that'll be grand!" said Rush, eagerly, sitting up in bed; "let's have sponge cake and mince pies!"

"Oh, no," said Nimpo; "just bread and cookies,—oh, and pumpkin pies, and, perhaps, doughnuts."

"And we'll go down there and see her make them, and have some!" said Rush, excitedly.

"Of course, we'll go down," said Nimpo; "but we won't eat the things,—only, perhaps, a cooky or doughnut."

"Oh, yes," said Rush; "they're so nice hot. Old Primkins never gives a fellow one. Hers ain't nice, either."

"Thank the fates, we've got 'most through with Mrs. Primkins," said Nimpo, warmly. "For my part, I never want to see her again."

"How nice it'll be to be home," said Rush; "seem's if I could n't wait two days longer. I wish it was morning now."

"So do I," said Nimpo; "but it never will be if I sit here." So she went back to bed.

In the morning, Nimpo and Rush started through the woods to go to Sarah's, for they could n't think of going to school on such a joyful day.

As they came near, they heard singing, and Nimpo whispered :

" Let's go up softly. I guess Sarah's singing, and it's real fun to hear her. We can hardly ever get her to sing."

So they stole up to the door and looked in. There sat Sarah on a low stool before the fire, rolling from side to side, in a kind of ecstasy, beating time with her hands, and singing, to the most unearthly, wailing tune :

O, come 'long Moses, you wont get lost,

Let my people go,—

With a lighted can'l at yo breast.

Let my people go.

Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt's land;

Go an' tell ole Pharo fur to let my people go.

" Keep still," whispered Nimpo ; " there's lots more of it." Sarah went on :

O, take y'r shoes from off y'r feet,—

Let my people go,—

Walkin' in de golden street.

Let my people go.

Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt's land;

Go an' tell ole Pharo fur to let my people go.

Just then they heard the whole family returning from the woods, each one with an armful of brush. Sarah heard them too, and came out. She started when she saw her white visitors.

" Lor! how ye scart me ! Y'r ma done came home ?"

" No, but she's coming," shouted Rush, joyfully.

" Go 'long now," responded Sarah, doubtfully; while Nimpo drew nearer to her, with a happy " Yes, she is. And, Sarah, I want you to come down and bake some things before she gets home, to surprise her, you know."

" Sure nuff," said Sarah, " there wont be a bite to eat in the house, an' I 'spect 't wont hurt none to run a broom through it."

Nimpo looked guilty.

" It's mussed up some, and looks real lonesome," she said; " but you come to-morrow, and I'll help you get things in order." Sarah grinned.

" Go 'way now ! I reckon I haint done forgot how to clar up yet,—not yet I has n't ! I 'll be up the fust thing. Shall I make up a batch o' pies ? Punkins is good now. I done made some powerful nice ones yesterday."

Rush grew radiant.

" Come in 'n' take a bite," said Mrs. Johnson's hospitable voice at the door. " Sarah does make uncommon good pies, 'n' you 've had a 'mazin' long tramp."

They needed no urging, and in a moment each one received in the hand a rich golden block, cut from a square tin.

" Sarah," said Nimpo, standing in the door and eating hers, " Mrs. Wilson's dog tore up one of mother's damask towels."

" La sakes ! " said Sarah, holding up her hands. " I jes wish I'd a-cotched him at it ! He'd ought ter have a crack over the head nuff to beat his bref out ! But how did he get y'r ma's towel ? "

" I forgot it one day, and left it out-doors," said Nimpo, humbly. " We played Log House, and I had it for a table-cloth. Oh ! and I tore mother's white shawl."

" Lor' now ! I spsects ye's been up to no end o' shines since y'r ma's bin gone," said Sarah. " I hearn tell that Mah'sr Rush here done runned away."

Rush looked sheepish.

" La sakes ! that's nuffin," broke in Mrs. Johnson, who had sympathy for boys. " Most all likely young fellars done run away once. Pears like ye aint gwine to eat noffin," she went on, as Nimpo refused a second square of the generous pie.

Nimpo laughed, and told her she had n't eaten anything so good since her mother went away.

" Pore chile ! " said Sarah, who thought no trouble in life was so bad—at least for white folk—as not having nice things to eat. " I 'll come up to-morrow, 'n' make some despret nice ones."

" Sarah, wont you tell us a story before we go ?" said Nimpo, coaxingly.

" I 'll show ye somethin' ye never saw, I reckon," said Sarah. " The day's work's all done put away. Mebby the chillen will show ye how we dance down Souf whar we come from. Come, chillen, sing " My Ole Mah'sr ! "

After some urging, the four older children got up into the middle of the room, while the rest of the family, with Nimpo and Rush as spectators, sat around the edge.

" You sing, Sarah," said her sister. So Sarah began singing, to one of their doleful airs, these words :

My ole mah'sr built a house,
Fifteen stories high :
An' e'bry room in dat dat house
Was filled wid chicken-pie.

At this point, the dancers, of whom there were two boys and two girls, locked arms in pairs, each boy and girl looking opposite ways, and whirled round and round while all sang this chorus :

Hi diddle O jump candy, jump candy, jump candy !

Here they suddenly changed arms, and danced the other way, singing :

Hi diddle O jump candy,—hi diddle O, diddle E !

Then they stood in a row clasping hands, and all sang :

Row, brothers, row !
I'm lookin' fur a pretty little boy,
I'm lookin' fur a pretty little boy,
To feed him on sugar an' tea !

Then Sarah began again :

My ole mah'st went to town
On a load o' peaches;
The horse run 'way 'n' broke his cart,
Smash it all to pieces.

Then they locked arms again and danced, and sang the same chorus over again.

Nimpo and Rush were charmed with this performance ; as soon as it was over, they thanked the children heartily, and after a few more words with Sarah, hurried away. It was high time, Nimpo said, to go home to Robbie.

CHAPTER XV.

THE INDIANS !

BRIGHT and early the next day, Nimpo, Rush and Robbie went to the house, and before they had time to unlock the door, Sarah joined them. Such a shout as they gave as they burst into the hall ! The little Rievors were like wild creatures escaping from a cage ; but, strange to say, liberty had been the cage in this instance, and the home-walls, once so confining, seemed to send the very joy of freedom into their hearts. While they were capering about, and Robbie, in his delirium, was performing the daring feat of jumping from the bottom step of the stair to the oil-cloth, Sarah slipped away to the kitchen. There the children soon found her, up to her elbows in flour, and with a look of "now I'm at work" on her face. She was no longer Sarah the story-teller, but Sarah the cook, and, like all good cooks, rather cross to children. So Nimpo went meekly up stairs, and took a book to read, while Robbie got out all his blocks and played on the sitting-room floor, and Rush went down to the store as usual. Just about noon, Rush came back.

" Nimpo," he said, " let 's red-head pins."

" We have n't any sealing-wax," answered Nimpo, shutting her book, for the story was growing dull, and, besides, she was beginning to want some of the good things that sent up savory odors from the kitchen.

" I have," said Rush. " I found a piece down at the store, and Cousin Will said I might have it."

" Well," said Nimpo, taking the wax, which he held out, " get some pins, and we 'll do it now."

Rush snatched his mother's cushion off the bureau, and ran down just in time to see the wax laid on a handy place on the kitchen stove.

" What you gwine to do ?" asked Sarah, who,

now that the baking was off her mind, was as pleasant as usual.

" Going to red-head pins," answered Nimpo. " If you 've got an old darning-needle, I 'll make you a lovely shawl-pin."

" Pears like I had one," said Sarah. " I mos' allus has one stickin' in the wood 'side o' the winder."

And she went into her room to see.

" Yes, here 's one," said she ; " but yo be kereful 'bout that ar. I 've heerd tell of settin' a house afire that a way."

" Oh, we 'll be careful," exclaimed both the children.

" I 'm gwine to clar up the chambers now, an' there 's a bite fur ye on the dining-room table," said Sarah.

Then, arming herself with broom and dust-pan, and tying a gorgeous yellow cotton handkerchief over her head, to keep the dust out of her hair, she marched off up stairs.

Nimpo and Rush hurried through with the red-headding business, and rushed in to lunch. They found fresh crisp doughnuts, delicious pumpkin-pie, and a pitcher of milk ; and they thought it a lunch fit for a queen.

After they had eaten all they could, and, in fact, emptied the table, they still sat there, talking over the delights of being at home once more, and wondering how other boys and girls could be contented to live with their parents.

" There 's Anna Morris," said Nimpo. " Her mother's real cross, I think ; and she's never pleasant like our mother. She's always working in the kitchen like fury. She never says 'Good morning' to me ; but always hollers out, 'Wipe your feet !' I don't see how Anna can bear her."

" Yes," said Rush, " and Johnny Stevens' mother,—she whips him if he only falls down and gets muddy some. She keeps a stick over the clock, and if he does n't wipe his feet, or comes in muddy or with a hole torn,—how can folks help that, I'd like to know?—she just takes down that stick and beats him."

" I should think he 'd run away," said Nimpo, indignantly.

" He 's awful 'fraid of her," said Rush.

This little village that I 'm telling about was one of the quietest and dullest towns you ever heard of ; but it had one pet horror, and that was—Indians ! It was not a very long time since they had been seen prowling around in the woods, and even coming to the farm-houses for something to eat. And the old settlers, who now sat in the corner by the fire, and smoked or knit,—according to their sex,—had plenty of horrible stories at their tongues' end, and delighted to tell them to groups of eager

youngsters, who enjoyed having their hair stand up with horror as well as some of you do now-a-days.

You may be sure that Nimpo and Rush were often to be found where there were stories to be heard; so they had their minds filled with the frightful things which are told of the savages.

On this day, when they were still sitting at the table, talking about other people's mothers, and Sarah, who had just come down stairs, was busy near the window, suddenly the door burst open, and a full-grown, frightful-looking Indian bounded in, with a war-whoop or some other unearthly yell, brandishing his tomahawk in the most threatening

had produced, for Robbie was screaming violently, spoke in his natural voice :

"Here, Nimpo, Rush, it's nobody but me—Cousin Will! I've just dressed up! Sarah, don't be such a goose. Robbie, come and see me; don't cry. Open the door."

Nimpo heard Rush laugh faintly, and say slowly, "Why, Cousin Will!" and then she opened the door a crack. There stood the awful figure, but talking to Rush in Cousin Will's voice; and on looking closely at his face, she could see, through the horrid stripes of paint, that it was, indeed, no other than Will.

Then she came out, pale and trembling still; but



"A FULL-GROWN, FRIGHTFUL-LOOKING INDIAN BOUNDED IN."

manner, as though he meant to scalp them all in a minute.

Sarah gave a dreadful scream and scampered into the cellar. Nimpo, quick as thought, snatched Robbie and dashed into the pantry, instantly putting her back against the door, and bracing her feet against the flour-barrel. In a second, Rush bounced against the door, kicking violently and shouting, "Let me in!"

"I'll never open the door!" said Nimpo, desperately. "Go somewhere else."

"I think you're real mean!" said Rush, running to the cellar-door, and trying to get in there. But Sarah held that equally tight, and told him to "Go 'way dar."

Meantime, the Indian, amazed at the fright he

she had to soothe Robbie, who could n't bear to look at him, and Sarah utterly refused to open the door. She could not so easily be reassured.

The dress was that of an Indian chief, and Will—who delighted in startling people—had borrowed it, to try its effect on the children; but he had no idea of scaring them out of their wits.

I can't tell you just how the suit was made, but it was of gay colors, and had a long fringe down each leg and arm, that, when he danced and waved his arms, flew about and made a strange, wild appearance. Then his face was painted in gaudy stripes, and five long feathers stuck out from his head.

After this valiant exploit, Master Will—who, it must be confessed, was hardly more than a great

over-grown boy—made a raid upon Sarah's freshly-made store of good things, while Rush and Nimpo looked on in dismay, wishing that Sarah would come and "put a stop to it." But Will escaped unseen, though Sarah was angry enough when she discovered what he had been doing. They could hear her muttering for a long time about "po' white trash," and "scarin' a body's wits out," and "stuf-fin's tho' he never had nuffin," and so on.

"Rush," said Nimpo, after awhile, "let's get the fires ready to light, so it'll look pleasant when father and mother come. It's cool in the evenings now, you know."

"Well," said Rush.

So they went out to the wood-shed, and brought in small sticks and kindling and dry chips.

"I'll fix the parlor fire," said Nimpo, "and you fix the sitting-room; and then we can light them the minute the stage stops, and it'll all be in a blaze before they get in."

These fires were built in open fireplaces, such as, I fear, you young folk have never seen, excepting, perhaps, in some old-fashioned country kitchen. Large sticks were laid across andirons,—or fire-dogs, as some called them,—and on these Nimpo made a splendid pile of fine sticks, with a handful of shavings underneath. One match would set the whole in a blaze.

Meantime, Rush, with Robbie's valuable assistance, had made the same preparations in the sitting-room, and Sarah had put the finishing touches to the house, which was now in good order from attic to cellar.

"Now I'm gwine home," she said soon afterwards, coming out of her room with her shawl. "Mind ye come arter me the minute y'r ma comes."

"I expect it will be to-morrow," said Nimpo.

"I don't. Folks never gits home when they spects to," said Sarah.

CHAPTER XVI.

COMING HOME.—CONCLUSION.

THE next afternoon, when it was nearly time for the stage, the three children went down to the house, with clean clothes and faces, and hair in a wonderful state of smoothness.

Nimpo and Rush took matches in their hands to be ready, and Robbie climbed up to the window to watch. After long and tiresome waiting, they heard the driver's horn, and knew that the stage was coming round the corner. So both of them lighted matches, though with excited, trembling hands, and set fire to long paper lighters which they had prepared. And then they stood and held them, and gazed at the approaching red stage,

ready, on the least sign of drawing up at the door, to stuff the torch into the shavings.

But, alas! it cruelly drove by, and Nimpo was so surprised and grieved, that she held her paper till it burnt her fingers.

Disappointment is a hard thing to bear, and slowly and sadly the children locked up the house, and walked back to Mrs. Primkins.

That lady stood on the steps, and something like a smile came round her mouth, though it felt so little at home that it did n't stay long.

"So your folks did n't come, eh?"

"No," said Nimpo, with a choking in her throat.

"Woll, I did n't expect 'em a mite; people 'most always get hindered on the way; likely they've had a storm on the lake, too. You better unpack your trunk now, and stay another night or two."

Poor Nimpo had locked and strapped her trunk, sure that she should never open it again at Mrs. Primkins', and now she could n't even go to bed without getting out nightgowns and brushes. It was almost as bad to unpack that night as it was on the first day, when she was so disappointed.

The next day was fearfully long; it did seem as though school would never be out, and several times Nimpo thought the clock had stopped.

But evening came, and again the eager watchers lighted their torches and awaited with fast-beating hearts the heavy roll of the lumbering wheels. They *knew* they would come this time.

But again the hateful stage rolled by with no sign of stopping.

Robbie began to cry, and Nimpo felt very much as if she would like to cry herself, while Rush suddenly had pressing business in another part of the house.

However, they once more walked sadly back to Mrs. Primkins'.

"You'll make out your week yet," was her greeting; "here it is Friday night, and if they don't come to-morrow, they'll wait till Monday,—and that'll be just five weeks to a day."

"They *must* come before Monday," said Nimpo, greatly disturbed, for Mrs. Primkins' cool way of speaking made it seem the most natural thing in the world for them to stay a week or two longer.

"If wishes were horses then beggars would ride," was Mrs. Primkins' irritating reply. "Wishing and hoping never brought anything to pass that ever I see in my experience. Waiting's the thing for us to learn. Likely your ma's stopped over to see somebody."

"If they don't come to-morrow, I never *can* wait till Monday," said Nimpo, excitedly.

"Hoity-toity! I guess you'll have to," said Mrs. Primkins, mockingly. "You've got several

things to learn yet, my lady, though you're 'mazin' wise in your own conceit."

Nimpo felt that she could not stand another word, so she went on up stairs. But on the way she made a resolution :

" If they don't come to-morrow, I'll get Sarah down to the house, and stay there till they do come. I can't stand it here another day."

But happiness was close by. The next morning, before they were out of bed, there came up the attic stairs a joyful sound, although it was Mrs. Primkins' voice :

" Children, your folks is comin'."

With a glad cry, Nimpo sprang out of bed, and tried to dress ; but never were buttons so stubborn, nor hooks and eyes so clumsy ; never did strings get so tangled, nor hair so snarled ; it seemed as if she should never get her clothes on. And there was Robbie calling excitedly for her to dress him too.

As for Rush, he jumped into his clothes—as a boy will—and was down stairs and half-way home before Nimpo was ready to begin on Robbie.

At last, however, enough buttons were adjusted to hold the clothes on, and without stopping to pack the trunk again, Nimpo and Robbie set off on a run for home.

Before they were half-way there, they met Rush,

wheeling a wonderful little wheel-barrow, which mother had brought for Robbie.

Robbie could not get by that, and Nimpo let go of his hand and rushed on alone.

In a moment she was, to her surprise, sobbing in her mother's arms.

" Oh, mother ! I'm so glad you've come !" was all she could say.

" Then you prefer home to boarding, after all, do you, dear ? " said her mother, kissing her.

" Oh, mother ! " Nimpo broke out penitently, " I've had nothing but trouble since you went away ! I've got into more scrapes than ever in my life before ! I've spoilt your black alpaca dress, and torn your white shawl, and—and—I can't tell half the mischief we've done ! "

" Well, never mind now, " said Mrs. Rievor ; " you can tell me by and by. Now come and see what I have brought you."

And she led Nimpo into the parlor, while Mr. Rievor, who stood in the doorway, waiting for Rush and Robbie, thought complacently of his wife's improved health and the evident change for the better in his little girl.

I shall not tell you of Nimpo's presents, and the book of poems ; for, glad as she was to get them, they were nothing when compared with the best gift of all—her home and her mother.

THE END.

THE LITTLE RED FEATHER.

(Translated by "PLYMOUTH ROCK," from the French sketch published in our April Number.)

WAS it not unfortunate ? Once it had been worn to go to church every Sunday, to skate on the pond on week-days, and, even to the last, it went to school every morning, and it was found on all the smart little hats in the dressing-room, with the wings and pompons. But now, alas ! it has disappeared from Gertrude's dismantled hat, and it lies abandoned on the floor in the midst of the rubbish, and—can it be true ? Yes, it is about to be swept up with the rubbish, and in another minute thrown into the stove.

" All is ended, " sighed the poor little red feather.

But at the same moment little Kitty ran and glanced at the box where the sweepings were kept.

" Oh ! stop, Norah ! " cried she. " I want that feather,—I want it for my doll's hat. She is going to be married."

So the little red feather was saved, and was worn

by a bride. She wore it at her wedding ; she wore it out walking, and when her husband became a soldier, he also wore it in his cap during the grand review.

" And now, " said little Kitty, " I am going to take the feather and make it good for writing. It looks to me precisely like a little red goose-feather ; and I know that grandfather can make a pen of it to write with."

In fact, the grandfather could do it, and he did it, and, in all your life, you have never seen such a pretty little red pen.

" Now, you must write a letter with this pen, " said the grandfather.

Kitty then wrote a little letter, in straight lines, and with punctuation, and sent it down to Norah in the kitchen. Norah sent a reply by Phil, Kitty's little brother. The reply was an apple tart which

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had just come out of the oven. The children seated themselves in a corner, and did honor to the collation; for they ate it all.

"Now, let us go up into the garret," proposed Phil. They immediately set about collecting the games, the dolls, the balls, the dishes, the trumpets, the carriages, and all the objects serving for playthings that they could find, including the little red feather. Then they went up merrily to the attic, and chose for the field of their manœuvres a large space of unoccupied floor, which was lighted by a narrow dormer window. Then they formed streets and built houses with blocks. The dolls lived in the houses, and all the animals of Noah's Ark were pastured in the streets.

"Here is a little red pine-tree," cried Phil, seizing the red feather and planting it firmly in a mere crack of the floor.

So now it was a little red pine-tree; and how proud it felt! The camel and the elephant came to lean against it, and a long file of tin soldiers were placed all around, whilst Kitty and Phil blew the trumpets.

"Kitty! Kitty! come down!" cried a cheerful voice at the foot of the stairs. "Your mamma says that you can come to my house to tea."

"Oh, it is Nettie Haven!" cried Kitty, who felt beside herself with joy. "She wants me to go to her house to take tea. There, now! I will carry the dolls, and you take the rest, Phil!"

The above is not a perfect translation, but it is very good. A press of matter prevented its insertion in our June number. The names of many translators of this sketch were published last month. Translations have since been received from Irene S. Hooper, Marion Merrill, Laura Tomkins, and Scott O. McWhorter.

The translation of the Latin story in the June number will be published next month, when we expect also to have a French story.

Kitty descended the stairs on a run to find her friend.

During this time, Phil, going more slowly than his sister, filled his arms with blocks, soldiers and animals; put the balls in his pockets, and took the trumpets in his mouth. He immediately followed Kitty, but he forgot to bring the little red pine-tree.

The latter remained then in the garret and waited. It waited all night and the next day, all the week, and all the following week; but the children did not come.

It is still there, a little red pine-tree in the middle of a dry plain. It remains standing there, and thinks of life.

Formerly, it was a white feather in the wing of a bantam cock, and shook proudly in the poultry-yard. Then it underwent great changes; became a red feather in a red wing, and traveled about on Gertrude's hat. Then, from change to change, it has happened that its destiny is now to be a little pine-tree, abandoned in a desert.

But it will not be always thus. Before long, the joyful children will go up into the garret to give themselves up anew to their plays, and you may be sure that they will not leave this little red feather standing any longer in the crack. Its adventures will begin again. So this is the best thing to do, to keep itself quiet while it can, and to profit by delivering itself to meditation.



POMPEY AND THE FLY.



"I WONDER," thought Pompey, the dog, "what that fly will do when he gets to the top of that board? Will he jump off, or fly off, or just stop? What a lot of legs he has! Or, perhaps they are arms. He has too many for such a little fellow. I am glad I am not a fly." And the fly, who

was looking backward at Pompey, thought to itself, "I wonder why that dog is sitting there so still? Why does he not climb up a board? I am glad I am not a dog."

THE MOUSE AND THE BUMBLE-BEE.

THERE was once a bumble-bee who used to go every day to gather honey, and as he was the most of the time away from home, he could not keep his house neat and tidy. So he got a motherly-looking old mouse to keep house for him. The next day, after the mouse had finished her morning's work, and was out of doors to get a breath of fresh air, a mud-dauber came along. He said, "Good morning, Mrs. Mouse! What are you doing here?"

She answered, "I am keeping house for Mr. Bumble-bee."

"Can I come and live with you?" said the mud-dauber.

"Oh no!" she replied. "We cannot have anyone who daubs mud around the house." So he went away.

Then came a rat. "How are you, Mrs. Mouse?" said he. "I would like to live with you."

"No, Mr. Rat, you cannot," said the mouse, "for you will eat our cheese and gnaw our table-cloths." So the rat went away.

He had just gone, when a large grey hen came along. She also asked the mouse if she might live with her.

The mouse said, "What can you do, old hen?"

The hen said she could lay a fresh egg every day. So the mouse told her she might stay. The hen soon found some straw and laid an egg. The mouse went to a neighbor's house and got some cheese. Just then, the bumble-bee came home with some honey. So they had a fresh egg, some cheese and honey for dinner, and they were all well pleased.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

How do ye do, young folks? Gather close, my dears, and we'll discuss things in general:

WILD TURKEYS AND PECAN NUTS.

IT'S the greatest wonder to me that the wild turkeys down in Texas don't choke to death every day of their lives. No, I don't mean exactly that; but my children will understand me when I tell them what the creatures live on. A knowing bird from that part of the world told me all about it.

All through the grazing lands of Texas, it appears, the wild turkeys congregate in great numbers. They go to their roost in single file, hundreds of them on foot, or, if flying, on a sort of hop, skip and jump, touching the ground and running a step or two every minute. They live altogether on pecan nuts, and swallow them whole at that. You'd think this would kill them; but, no, it makes them fat and flourishing. These pecan trees, low and spreading, are something like our Northern oaks, but they are not half so large.

Unfortunately for the poor turkeys, the pecan nuts make their flesh very sweet and tender, and so the sportsmen are soon after them, tracking them to their roosting grounds, where they shoot them without mercy.

I don't like sportsmen. Give me the Bird-defenders.

MAD WOLVES.

TALKING of Texas, did you ever hear about the wolves they have there? They are ugly-looking fellows, but do not attack people unless provoked. They go mad more commonly than dogs do, and in that state will give other animals hydrophobia. I heard some army officers say that once when they were stationed in Texas, a mad wolf got into their encampment and bit six of their dogs. Poor dogs! There were twenty-four of them at that time in the encampment, but for safety sake, they were, every one of them, shot the next morning.

LOFTY LANGUAGE.

YOU should have heard the children laugh! They were all going to the brook for cresses, and little Maggie Palmer was telling them about a negro man that her mother had engaged during

house-cleaning time. It appears he had once been a servant to a learned professor, and so had picked up any number of big words.

"Oh, girls!" said Maggie, "you just ought to have heard him! When mamma proposed to him to yellow-wash the kitchen walls, he stood up just like a dandy and said:

"'Miss Palmer, marm, if you'll allow me to speak differentially about dis matter, white-wash would be appropriater, as discoloration of smoke and multifarious kitching gases is more conspicuoser on yellow-wash, marm.' And when mamma asked him what he would charge for white-washing the hall ceiling, he made such a bow, and said:

"'Can't say circumstantually, marm. The altitude of my charge, marm, will depend on the elevation of the walls.'

OVER SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

IT was such an old, old newspaper!—all creased and torn and yellow, and yet the minister, as he unfolded it, handled it as though it were precious gold. He had finished his Sunday sermon, and was walking home from the meeting-house with his wife across lots. They came close by me, and stood still to look at the paper, talking about its being such a treasure, and how Sally should have it and take care of it after they were gone, and reading over the name and the date just as if it was a verse of poetry—*Washington Federalist, Monday, May 24th, 1802.* They were not young folk; but as nobody except me was around, he put his arm about her neck while she read one of its notices:

DIED.—At Mount Vernon, on Saturday evening last, Mrs. MARTHA WASHINGTON, widow of the late illustrious GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To those amiable and christian virtues which adorn the female character she added dignity of manners, superiority of understanding, a mind intelligent and elevated.

The silence of respectful grief is our best-eulogy.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

I AM always glad when the pretty little school-teacher walks down to our meadow with her girls, for there's a shady mound close by where they often sit and rest, and then she is pretty sure to tell them something worth hearing. Here is the substance of a little speech she made the other day, when a quick-eyed little maid asked her what people meant when they called a lady a blue-stocking:

"About one hundred years ago," said the teacher, "one Mrs. Montague, who lived in London, introduced the fashion of 'conversation parties,' where ladies and gentlemen could meet and have pleasant and profitable chats. At that time card-playing was very fashionable, and cards were almost the only things talked of at parties; but sensible ladies were pleased with Mrs. Montague's new fashion of talking about books and art, instead of clubs and spades. Learned gentlemen, too, flocked to her parties. Johnson, the great author, was often present, and when he began to talk, the company would gather around him, four and five deep, drinking in every word he said.

"Among the gentlemen who came to these nice parties, there was a Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, who wore blue stockings, and so some of the small

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wits of the day nicknamed the parties 'blue-stocking clubs.' Other small wits and critics took up the funny term, and soon the journals were full of long articles about 'blue-stocking clubs.' Many believed that the ladies who attended them wore blue stockings. After awhile, every lady who devoted a considerable portion of her time to reading was nicknamed 'a blue-stocking.' The silly term has come down to our day, and foolish people who want to be witty, even now sometimes call a well-educated lady 'a blue-stocking.' But, you see," said the teacher, smiling, "it is the gentlemen who ought to bear the name, if it is used at all, since a gentleman was the original 'blue-stocking.'"

GERMAN EMIGRANTS.

TWENTY thousand of them came over to America during four months of the year 1873—little yellowish fellows, with nimble legs, good voices and brave hearts.

To settle in the West?

Bless you, my dears! no; to settle on perches; to live in cages, and fill home-walls with music.

Their ancestors came from the Canary Isles, but they were born and bred in the Hartz Mountains of Germany, and brought over here in little bits of cages almost by the shipload. Be kind to them, my children.

ATTENTION, COMPANY!



Now, this is n't going to be a general drill, nor a Fourth-of-July oration. It is just Jack's salute to the noble army of Bird-defenders lately started by ST. NICHOLAS, and now fast growing to be a thousand strong. All honor to the organization, says Jack, and a long life of usefulness to it!

TREES UNDER THE SEA.

I HARDLY know what to make of this. Lately I heard some travelers talking about having sailed in a boat over a forest of tall trees—some standing, some fallen, and all bare and dead. Yes, there they are, trunks and branches complete, away down under the waves, and so they are called submarine forests, *marine* standing for sea, and *sub* for under.

Where are these wonderful forests?

Why, pretty far away, I must admit; just off the coasts of France and England, the travelers said,—though I remember they did speak of one in the Bay of Fundy, if you know where that is.

At certain points, when the tides are very low off the English coast, and the water is very clear, the people sometimes go out in boats to look down under the water at the poor dead trees. And sometimes they see among the fallen branches the antlers of dead deer, and sometimes the fishermen hook up elephants' teeth.

How did the trees get under the water, or the

water over the trees,—do you ask, my dears? Ah! knowledge is a wonderful thing. The travelers did n't explain the matter at all. Make haste to learn and tell me all about it.

A WORD FOR HORSES.

YOUNG gentlemen! Fourth of July is coming, and the American face of nature will soon be hardly more than one immense pack of fire-crackers lighted at all corners. So far, so good. It can't be helped, I suppose. But I want to put in a word for the animals, especially for the poor horses. Birds can fly up in the air out of reach, and dogs can slip into quiet corners, tails down, as they do, poor things! but horses often are hitched to wagons, and what not, and can't easily get out of the way. Now gunpowder, with its flash and its bang, is a trial to them. They're afraid of it. It makes them quiver and tremble from head to foot, and if they don't run away from it, dashing their harness and wagons to pieces, it's because they're principled against giving way to their fears. Remember this, my boys: For once, you have the stronger animal at a disadvantage. Be manly, if you are free and independent.

A BIRD THAT CAN'T FLY.

WHAT should you think of a bird that could not fly? All the birds that I know can fly, even the hens, though they are rather clumsy about it; but I am told there are some that cannot. The Auks, belonging to a not very graceful family called *Alca* (*or Alcidæ*), have such very short wings that they are of no sort of use to fly with. Their legs, too, are so short, and set so far back, that the poor things can hardly walk.

Then how do they get about and find their food? It was a good-natured Irish sailor who was talking about it, and he said that "all their walkin' was done by swimmin'." Their broad, webbed feet make the best of oars, while even their short stumps of wings are useful as paddles, and as our nautical Irishman said, "they get over the ground by swimmin', which is the best way for them, seein' the ground where they live is mostly water."

PATENT BUBBLES.

I HEAR that ST. NICHOLAS is advertising a patented thing, warranted to blow a hundred soap-bubbles. *Warranted* to blow them,—think of that, my children! as if the great charm of blowing bubbles were not the uncertainty of getting any at all! It makes me furious to think of the effect such a tool as this would have upon one's character.

Likely as not, these new-fangled bubbles, so blown, are warranted not to burst. Pah! think of it, ye youngsters who have made the real ones—the floating, picture-y, beautiful things that go out in a diamond twinkle while you are looking at them. Now, I'll wager that these hundred bubbles of Mr. What-you-call-'im go rolling about the house until they are dusty. May be the children hurt themselves sometimes by stubbing their toes against them, and papa scolds the servants for allowing such dangerous things to lie around. Bubbles, indeed! If any of them come bumping against Jack, one of us will burst—see if we don't.

THE LETTER BOX.

HENRY B. C., who must have swallowed an encyclopaedia in his infancy, wishes us to tell the boys and girls that "The glorious Fourth" is n't the only historical thing July has to boast of. England and Scotland, he says, were united on July 20, 1706; and the terrible French Bastille was destroyed on July 14, 1789. Besides these, he instances: Painting in oil colors invented by John Van Eyck, July, 1410; first newspaper published in England, July 28th, 1588; destruction of Spanish Armada, July 27th, 1588; battle of Boyne, in which William the Third conquered James the Second, July 1st, 1690; Braddock's defeat, July 9th, 1755; battle of Ticonderoga, July 8th, 1758; Revolution in Paris, July 3d, 1789; Union Act of Ireland, July 2d, 1800; Atlantic telegraph completed, July, 1866; Venice free, July, 1866. Moreover, he tells us that Archbishop Cranmer was born in July, 1489; Mary de Medicis and John Calvin in July, 1509; and among his long list of other July babies, we have Blackstone, the great legal authority, 1723; Klopstock, the eminent German poet, 1744; Mrs. Siddons, the famous tragedienne, and Flaxman, the painter, 1755—not to mention the father and the grandfather of Henry B. C. himself!

A LITTLE SYRACUSE GIRL, eight years old, "has a way" of making verses, her mamma says, and the mamma writes them down for her. We are not fond of encouraging such literary ways in our little folk, but may be the robins would feel hurt if we refused to show the children her latest verses. So here they are:

THE ROBIN.

One day in early spring,
I heard a robin sing:
"Tweet! Tweet! Tweet! Chippy-dee-dee!"
And I thought how sweet it sounded,
As the cheery chirp resounded
Over hill and dell and tree,
"Tweede dee!"

But a snow-storm later fell
Over hill and tree and dell,
And the robin (pretty robin!) flew away from me.
But when summer comes, and heat,
I shall hear his song so sweet:
"Tweet! Tweet! Chippy-dee-dee!"
Tweede dee!

SUSIE.—The best thing that could happen to you would be just what you so dread,—"to be taken to China." You might get used then to what you call "the dreadful slits of eyes that the Chinese have, and those disgusting chop-sticks." In the very next sentence of your letter you say you never saw any chop-sticks. Then how do you know they are disgusting? They are not just like big drumsticks, as you imagine, but are little things about eight inches long, resembling a common pen-holder, and are made of bamboo or ivory. They come in pairs, and when in use are both held in the right hand, between the thumb and forefinger. Mrs. Nevins, a missionary's wife, who has written about China, says that the Chinese find as much difficulty in using knives and forks as we do in using chop-sticks. They can take up objects so small that they would fall between the tines of a fork, and they consider them much more suitable and convenient than any implement we use in eating. To their view, the use of chop-sticks is an evidence of superior culture; and they insist that the use of such barbarous instruments as knives and forks, and cutting or tearing the meat from the bones on the table, instead of having the food properly prepared in the kitchen, are evidences of a lower order of civilization.

We'll hope, Susie, that as you grow more charitable, some little Chinese girl will become charitable also, and feel willing to let us use our disgusting knives and forks a little while longer.

NED.—Your "Hidden Rivers" are too simple for the Riddle Box.

JOHN PERINE C. writes: "I was so much interested in Gertrude's letter about the clavichord and the origin of the name of piano-forte, that I think perhaps some of the boys and girls may like to be told something that I have since found out: The clavichord, like the

piano, is played by means of keys, that strike the chords; and the name is derived from the Latin—*clavis*, a key, and *chorda*, a string."

ERNEST O. F.—We think "Seven Historic Ages," by Arthur Gilman (published by Hurd & Houghton), will give you just the information you need. It is a very small book, and is invaluable for all young students, especially for those who, like yourself, are "forced to study how and when you can, and always under difficulties." It will form a firm framework on which you may weave every shred of history that you are able to pick up.

New York, April 21st, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have something to tell that, I think, would interest your readers, which is the reason why I write.

I am employed in an office down here, in Wall street, where I am very often left alone; and sitting here, about two months ago, I noticed a little mouse come out of the lower cupboard of my desk and pick up a crumb and then run back with the crumb in his mouth. As soon as all the clerks had left, I opened the door, and there were four young mice and one old one, all rolled in a heap in an old map. I have fed them every day at just 12 o'clock since, and at 12 all five mice come out and run around my feet, and I can take them up in my hands and they will not run.

Is there not a flower called the *Victoria Regia*, and is it not larger than the *Rafflesia Arnoldii* mentioned in your May Letter Box?

I also want to join the "Bird army," as well as my brother and sister, whose names are Wally and Josie Stallknecht.

We all enjoy the St. NICHOLAS very much, especially "Jack-in-the-Pulpit." His speaking of heliotropes reminds me of a mignonette I saw in a florist's window. The bunch of flowers was nine inches long, and very fragrant; that is the largest mignonette I ever saw.—With many wishes of success, I remain, yours affectionately,

H. SEDGWICK STALLKNECHT.

Yes, there is a very large flower called *Victoria Regia*, found in Guiana and Brazil. But while its leaves measure from three to six feet across, the flower itself does not equal in size the *Rafflesia Arnoldii*, which we may, therefore, safely name "the biggest flower in the world."

Utica, N. Y., May 4th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much indeed, and, though I know you are burdened with a great many letters, I thought I would write you to tell my experience in boatbuilding.

I have made a pleasure boat, something like one described in the August number of *Our Young Folks*, in 1872. I did not follow that exactly, as I did not want so large a boat, but I got my idea from that. Any boy of fourteen, who has a knack at carpentering, can make one easily, and with very little expense.

Mine cost me just about ten dollars, boards, paint, irons, and all. If the boys have nothing much to do this summer vacation, I advise them to start a boat, that is if they live anywhere near a pond or river. They can sell it in the end, and make quite a little sum by it. I have had several offers for mine already, and intend to sell it and commence another this summer.—Truly yours,

A YOUNG BOATBUILDER.

THE BIRD-DEFENDERS.—Surely the birds will sing a gladder song this summer than ever before! Scores of boys and girls have joined Mr. Haskins' army,* pledging themselves not to harm or molest birds in any way, and still the names come pouring in. If we could give the notes sent by the young recruits, they would show how heartily in earnest the children are in this movement; but the Letter Box would not hold a tenth part of them. After giving one or two short notes, we must be content, therefore, with printing the new names.

Wilmington, Del., April 22, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS. I would like to tell Robbie Prather, through you, to please add my name to his list of Bird-defenders.

EDDIE H. ECKEL.

Canton, Stark Co., Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have seen that pledge in the May number of the St. NICHOLAS, and we want to sign our names right away, and join Mr. Haskins' army of Bird-defenders; and we will

* For information in regard to Mr. Haskins' army, see December No. of St. NICHOLAS, page 72, and Letter Box of Nos. 6, 7 and 8.

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Dear S
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try and see how large a list of names we can get from this town.—
(Signed)

Mary Morris, Katie Bachert, Lizzie Hill, J. M. Sholty, Cora Walcutt, Eva Ingram, Clara Palmer, Susie Kugler, Gracie Ballard, Eliza Essig, C. W. Chapman, Ella S. Flohr, Lizzie C. Foreman, Annie M. Foreman, Mellie K. Frederick, Flora B. Becher, Edwin Smith, Orpha Stanley, Lettie C. Ingram, Katie Hayhurst, Maggie J. Becher, Nettie Skelton, Ernest Bachert, Willie Bachert, Harry Hill, Fannie Bachert, W. G. Owen, Anna Robinson, Mary P. Morris, Sallie Robinson.

Here comes a Brattleboro' girl with her list:

Brattleboro', Vt., April 30th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have obtained the enclosed sixty signatures to the pledge about killing birds, printed in the May number of ST. NICHOLAS.—Yours respectfully, LIZZIE F. SCHUSTER.

BOYS.—Theodore Kirkland, Fred. Stevens, Walter Walker, Harry Miller, Gussie Gautier, Harry Wright, Freddie Howe, Neddie Hadley, Willie Ahlers, Jonnie Drown, Eddie Atherton, Louis Horner, Harry Knight, Willie Devine, Willie Nash, Fred Hastings, Martin Austin, Hollie Reed, Jimmie Moran, Eddie Curtis.

GIRLS.—Merab Kellogg, Emma Fay, Nellie Goodrich, Mary Brown, Ann E. Brown, A. S. Higginson, L. S. Higginson, S. M. Bradley, J. P. Miles, Katharine Miles, E. B. Howland, S. C. Wells, M. E. Wells, May S. Cutts, Mamie Howard, Lizzie F. Schuster, Lillie Brooks, Alice Brooks, Annie Wyman, Emma Houghton, Emily Bradley.

BOYS AND MEN.—W. C. Bradley, J. D. Bradley, R. C. Bradley, C. F. Schuster.

MEMBERS OF CHACE STREET SCHOOL, BRATTLEBORO', VT.—Lina Holbrook, Ida Curtis, Addie Foster, Emma Dickinson, Lillie Ketting, Frederika Horner, Esther Thomas, Lucy Atherton, Minnie Baker, Mamie Howe, Emma Horner, Belle Smith, Hattie Alden, Fannie Guild, Katie Austin, Belle Guild, Louise Denison, Annie Buggele, Nettie J. Knight, Teacher.

META GAGE, of the Sandwich Islands, writes: "I will join the army of Bird-defenders with heart and hand." And the same post brings the names of nineteen more boys and girls, who pledge themselves as Bird-defenders: Edward Seaman, Long Island; Hattie E. Alvord, of New York; Edith K. Harris and Mary A. Harris, of Grosse Isle, Michigan; Frank A. Taber, Poughkeepsie; John Fremont, Green, Minn.; Laura A. Freeman, Tadmor, Ohio; Roy Wright, Henry L. Morris, A. L. Williams, Edith Carpenter, Fanny Burton, Annie C. Pearson, Jeanie S. Pearson, Nellie E. Lucas, Minna Käschagen, H. Sedgwick Stallknecht, and his brother and sister, Wally and Josie Stallknecht.

ANSWER TO CHARL'S EXAMPLE IN JUNE LETTER BOX.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
P R O F I T A B L E.

ROBBIE HADDOW.—We are glad you are so much interested in Jack-in-the-Pulpit. Jack is full of fun; but he is careful, when he offers information, to give it correctly. You need never be afraid to "accept his facts."

"EXCELSIOR."—We are glad you are "going to study German, so as to translate the German stories in ST. NICHOLAS," but we cannot tell you how long it will take you "to be able to join in the fun." Study hard for five months, and then, probably, you'll be able to tell me. We shall be much pleased to see your first translation.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "I must write a letter to the ST. NICHOLAS. I said to mamma the other day, 'and say how much I like the stories in it.' Mamma said I might, so here is the letter.

Dear ST. NICHOLAS, you cannot think how glad I am when, every month, the postman brings you to me. I think I like "Nimpo's Troubles" best of all the stories.

I am eight and a half years old, and I go to school. Every Friday we speak pieces, and last week I spoke the piece about "Sweet-heart's Valentine."

I sometimes write little rhymes, and as mamma likes this best of them all, I send it to you. I wrote it a few days ago.

SPRING IS COMING.

Spring is coming, little children; Spring has come with fairy foot-steps;

And hyacinths and crocuses are springing all around.

The warm, bright sun is shining,

And green grass-blades entwining,

And the snow is gone, and melted is the hard and frozen ground.

Do you know, dear little children, who has sent the joyous Spring-tide?

And the flowers, bright and blooming, to cheer us on our way?
"Tis the good and kindly Father of a paradise above us,

And we children ought to thank Him for his goodness every day.

I must tell you how much I like the Roll of Honor. I have asked two little girls to subscribe, and they both say they will see. Is not that nice? I am going to try some more.—Your loving little friend,

LOTTIE G. WHITE.

April 22d.

A MAN-KITE.—MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me how a kite in the shape of a man is made and rigged? If you are not able to oblige me, perhaps some of your readers would be able to do so.

B. U.

ALDEBARAN.—You are right in regard to the signatures to rebuses. We are very glad that you appreciate the ST. NICHOLAS "Jingles" so highly, and we trust many other boys will see as clearly as you do the lessons that some of them are designed to teach.

ROBBIE N.—We shall give you a good "speaking piece" next month.

BENNIE S. COOKE, only eight years old, sends the editor a French translation, in his own handwriting, of "Red-top seeing the World," in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Well done, Bennie! Many of our boys and girls have turned our French stories into English, but you are the first one who has turned our English into French.

SCRIBE'S WORD, AND OTHERS.—"Arrow" writes that Scribe's word in the May Letter Box must be "facetiously" or "abstemiously." Laura A. F. says it is "abstemiously," and she makes 780 good English words out of its letters, thereby beating Scribe, if her answer be correct; for he made only 250 words. "Bessie," of Lake Superior, sends the answer "facetiously," in the form of an enigma, in which "the next three-fifths of my third syllable is what Micawber used to pay his debts with;" and several others from various parts of the country echo "facetiously." Are they right, Scribe? Certainly the word fulfills your conditions of containing all the vowels in their proper order. "Absternously" has the same peculiarity, but it contains one more consonant than the other.

Ellen G. Hodges makes 180 words out of the letters of "Metropolitan," and Julia Bacon challenges the boys and girls to find more than sixty-three good English words in common use, in the word "Ecclesiastical."

THE CHERRYFIELD CAT.—Not long ago, we met with this paragraph in one of the New York papers:

AN AFFECTIONATE CAT.—Recently Daniel E. Nichols, of Cherryfield, Me., died, and shortly after the funeral the family cat, which Mr. Nichols had always petted, was observed for several nights to leave the house and return the next morning covered with mud. On following puss, it was discovered that she went directly to the grave, where she had dug a hole in the endeavor to find her kind master.

Wishing to ascertain the exact truth in regard to this wonderful story, we wrote, as follows, to Cherryfield, enclosing the paragraph and addressing our letter, at a venture, to Mrs. Nichols.

DEAR MADAM: Is this account literally true? or is it one of the fictions that so often creep into the newspapers? You will oblige me very much by replying per enclosed envelope, and by returning the paragraph. Is the cat living, and what kind of a cat is it?—Yours respectfully,

In a few days the reply came, and believing that it will deeply interest not only our boys and girls, but all persons who believe cats to be capable of real affection, we print it entire.

Cherryfield, Me.

DEAR MADAM: As you wish to know the truth in regard to what has been said about our cat of notoriety, I have no other object in view than the truth, so I will tell you of the circumstances, and you can judge for yourself.

The kitty was only nine months old when my husband died, and no one but himself ever petted her. From the commencement of his sickness she would go into his room daily, and stand and put her paws on the bedside and look at him until he spoke to her, and then would leave and not return until the next day.

After his death we could hardly keep her out of the room, but she

did not make any noise until he was buried. Then she began to search and cry about the house, and would lie down by his clothes or under his bed for hours, and she did so for the first week; the second week she would leave the house, and be gone all night at first, then she would stay longer—a night and day, and at the end of the week she would be gone two or three days at a time; and what made it strange to us was that she left a young kitten. We feared she was dead, because she had pined away to a mere skeleton before she left.

On her return home the last time, she came before we heard of the cavity in the grave. We noticed she was looking terribly rough and muddy, and were curious to know about it.

As soon as I heard of the state of the grave, I went to satisfy myself about the matter, being suspicious that it was the work of the cat during her absence. I found the hole newly filled, but on inquiry found it was about the size of a cat, and was dug entirely to the coffin. I was the more convinced that it was the cat, from the fact that she did not leave the house after, but continued her search and still refused her food; and I think she would have died, had not my son returned home from Massachusetts, and taken it upon himself to pet and nurse her, so that she is now living and has become like her former self. She has other remarkable traits—will not allow a child to be corrected without interfering.

You may say, after all this long account of the cat, that it does not prove that it was she that dug the hole in the grave. I know that; but did you ever hear as I do, you would not hesitate to believe it?

She is of the common sort of cats, and her color is light grey and white. I would not part with her, but yet I fear her sometimes. I would not have written as much, only that I wished you to know the circumstances, as you were so desirous to know the truth of the thing. You can judge for yourself. I do not doubt it in the least.—Yours respectfully,

MRS. D. E. NICHOLS.

ISAAC W. HALL.—You will find the prices of the required tools given in the article on Wood-Carving, in the December number.

ROSINA EISEN, OF BERMUDA.—Your clever translation of "Jack Rytzar's Breakfas'," was received too late to be credited with the other translations.

BYRON R. DEMING, who lives in Arcata, the most western town in California, and so could not be on time, sent good descriptions of the fish in Mr. Beard's picture in our March number.

"BETSEY TROTWOOD."—As the *first* puzzle of your budget is not original, we cannot venture to put the rest in our Riddle Box, for fear that they, too, have been printed before.

"ELAINE," whose verse was printed in our March Letter Box, wishes us to state that the poem supposed to be sent by her mother, was forwarded to ST. NICHOLAS by another person, without the knowledge of either her mother or herself.

S. H. WHIDDEN—We are always pleased to receive good and original puzzles from subscribers.

Cambridge, April 28, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take your magazine, and read it, and like it.

I have got twenty-five hens, and they have laid, since June 22, 1873, three thousand eggs—an average of twenty-one a day. I have got Brahmas, Leghorns, Dorkins, Cochins, Black Spanish, Houdans. Yours truly,

J. ERNEST FARNHAM.

Can any of our young poultry-raisers beat this?

JIMMY CHRISTIAN, W. L. Cowles, Minnie L. Gay, Nelly S. Colby, Anerly Lee, Lizzie M. K., Roy Wright, Hetty Richards, "Pearl," F. E. D., Edwin E. Slosson, Remo, Libbie Van Doorn, Lily B., "Flo," Keziah, Claire, Julia, Lizzie L. Bloomfield, "Emerald," Paul De S., Harry F. Griscom, C. W. Perine, Frank M. Ulmer, J. P. S., V. G. Hoffman, Annie D. Latimer, Lottie G. White, W. L. Rodman, John R. Eldridge, J. McCormick, Netty Harris, "Pansy," Ellen G. Hodges, Louise King, Abner J. Easton, "Arrow," May S. Jenkins, "Gerty Guesser," T. E. D., J. F. G., and others:

Dear young friends, if we had space, we should be glad to print your notes in the Letter Box. As it is, we can only thank you warmly for your hearty and encouraging words, and rejoice in the genuine delight you appear to take in ST. NICHOLAS, and in the many ways in which it meets your special needs.

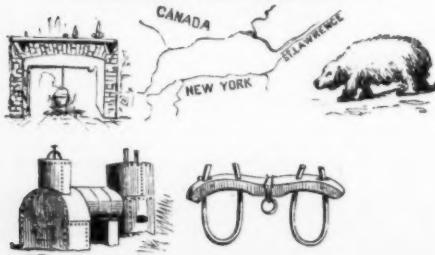
THE RIDDLE BOX.

A TRAGEDY.

(Fill the blanks by successive shortenings.)

The driver gave abundant —
That when he drove along the —
He would avoid the rocky —
And bring them safely home;
So happy-hearted Jennie —
Rode fearlessly beside her —
Till, luckless moment! they went —
No more again to roam. J. P. B.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



CHARADE.

I AM composed of three syllables, of which my first is not quite sane; my second has to confess that it owns only three-quarters of a head; my third belongs to either a dish or a part of a gentleman's dress; and my whole is the name of a Jewish council.

F. R. F.

PUZZLE.

You may make me a nickname,
May lay me 'neath your feet;
May place on me rare china,
Or mud from out the street.

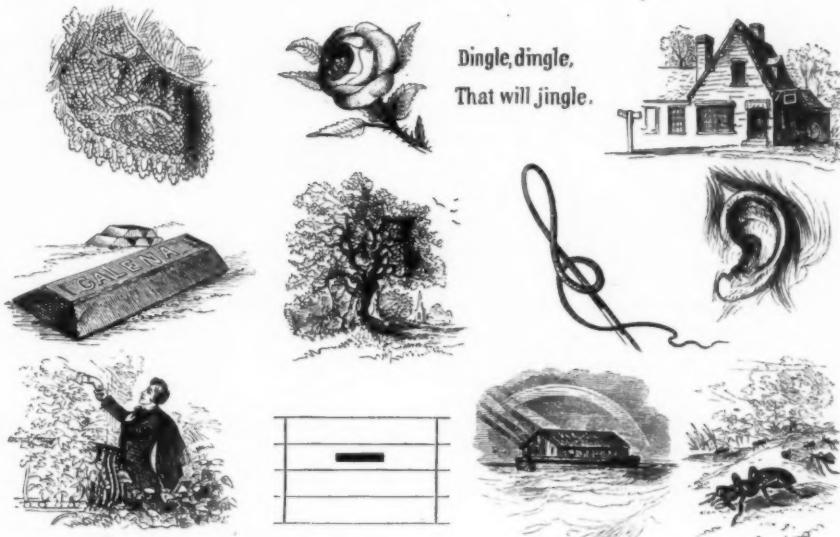
I'm planted by the farmer,
Converted into bread;
Admit me to your temper,
All will your coming dread.

To win my last two portions
All men do much desire;
And though they may increase me,
Still more they will require.

My whole,—you've guessed it, surely!
One of the "United States;"
And those who find it truly,
May bless their happy fates. M. D. N.

I AM
7, 24, is,
world.
Olympia
a son of
7, 4, 17,
17, 1, 5,
sided over
suitors of
II, I, 6,
17, 2, 6,
9, 18, 5,
22, 26 is
20, 14, 9
8, 25, 23
three char-
name of
during the
and the t
Cepheus,

PREFIX PUZZLE.



Prefix the same letter to each of these pictures, and make a word of it (twelve words in all).

CONCEALED SQUARE WORD.

My own love, stay, the choicest hours
Of passing day may yet be ours;
Hope stops to whisper in mine ears,
And drives away all lingering fears.

A. S.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(Every other letter is omitted.)

P t c k p t c k b k r m n
S i o a t r s a t s c n
P t t n r l i a d a k t i h
A d o s n h o e f r a y n m ."

RUTHVEN.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-six letters. My 15, 20, 3, 7, 24, is in the old Latin religion, the god of the lower world. My 16, 9, 17, 19, 1 is the physician of the Olympian gods. My 4, 17, 12, 17, 2, 18 is an Athenian, a son of Ion and father of the Argonaut Butes. My 20, 7, 4, 17, 1, 22 is a people of Celtic Gaul. My 18, 9, 17, 1, 5, 19 is a goddess among the Romans who presided over funerals. My 17, 6, 19, 4, 7, 26 is one of the suitors of Penelope mentioned in the *Odyssey*. My 21, 11, 1, 19, 10, 17 is a daughter of Enarete, and my 19, 17, 2, 6, 7, 26, who is the god of the winds. My 25, 20, 9, 18, 5, 11 is one of the Muses. My 23, 17, 20, 9, 16, 22, 26 is a celebrated Egyptian deity. My 22, 20, 23, 2, 20, 14, 9 is a surname of Diana. My 13, 7, 16, 17, 20, 8, 25, 23 is an ancient Italian divinity. My whole forms three characters in mythology; the first being a surname of Diana, as indicating the goddess that shines during the night season, the second, one of the Muses, and the third, a beautiful youth, son of the river-god, Cephisus, and the nymph, Liriope.

ALDEBARAN.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

ONE — sees more perfect —.
The teacher will — me if — well.
In our charities — — — when our gifts are —
wisely.

He — the — on a stone pedestal.

The — of the polish was an increased —.

It would — no one of the — of men from agriculture, to tell them that the owner of — added to his —.

The — kind of coloring would please me for — of flowers, on fruit —, which form a — article in potteries.

J. P. B.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

PART of a boat; a conveyance; an island; a territory; a city; sleeping; a support; to tire; part of a vessel. The centrals, read down and across, form a city.

NIP.

RIDDLE.

MY 1, 4, 5 and 7 are written in Greek; my 2 and 3 are in Oriental; my 6 is in Latin; and my whole is in plain English,—familiar as a household word,—a name applied to both girls and boys.

C. C.

SEVENTEEN CONCEALED LAKES.

"WELL done, Ida! How energetic you are! Eva, now for the news."

"Well, this morning Phil mentioned that Uncle Leonard, Aunt Constance, and their little one, Gay, arrived on the noon train yesterday. They could not stop at Oswego, as the locomotive gave them but a half-minute. Is that thunder? I expect to catch a drenching; but if I do not catch any cold, will enjoy galloping over there. Thanks for your kindness."

E. H.

REBUS.



BIBLICAL CHARADE.

I AM a word of three syllables. My first and second form half the name of one of the most beautiful of Oriental languages; my third is eaten by some nations, and detested by others; and my whole is the name of a mountain in Turkey, celebrated in Scripture history by an event that occurred 1656 years after the creation of the world.

F. R. F.

LETTER PUZZLE.

ONCE B, once C, once F, thrice D;
Twice I, twice H, once L, thrice E;
A's, two; R's, three; T's, two; N's, one;
Now add S, U, and then you are done.
When these correctly are combined,
A well-known proverb you will find.

TYPO.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC PICTURE PUZZLE.—Hive, Bear.

H	—er—	B
I	—c—	E
V	—crben—	A
E	—gle—	R

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Cleveland.

ADVICE TO YOUNG ORATORS.—Be natural.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—“Do not burn your candle at both ends.”

SOME HIDDEN INSECTS.—1. Wasp. 2. Ant. 3. Fly. 4. Bee.

5. Gnat.

PUZZLE.—

S	I	X	I	X	X	L
I	X	—	X	—	—	—
S	—	—	I	—	X	—

ELLIPSES.—1. Swift. 2. Howitt. 3. Hogg. 4. Field. 5. Bacon. 6. Lamb. 7. Browning. 8. Cook. 9. Burns

SPELLING LESSON.—1. B-O, R—bor. 2. D-O, R—dor. 3. G-L, E—gle. 4. M-O, R—mor. 5. P-E-N, D—pend. 6. B-L-E, M—blem.

AN EASY CHARADE.—Man-of-war.

QUINTUPLE SQUARE-WORD.—

C O R A L
O P E R A
R E I G N
A R G U E
L A N K S

HIDDEN WORD.—Cross-cut saw. (See—arrow—do bless—see—you—tea—essay—double you.)

ANSWERS to “*Something New: Language of the Restless Imps*,” in addition to those credited in our June number, were received, previous to May 16, from Bessie Dickinson, Charles and Johnnie McGenniss, Jennie Johnson, Florrie A. Ford, H. R. E., Johnnie Sherwood, Charles Morris, Estelle Parker, “Typo,” Arthur E. Smith, William Llewellyn Bauer, “Mab,” F. H. Eastwood, Mary A. Harris, E. L. Dillman, “Kate,” Rillie Cortleyon, Nellie S. Colby, Charles J. Gayler, Eva G. Wauzer, “Paul” Tillie F. Salter, “We Girls,” Harry Latham, Harry McCormick, Jr., Sarah F. Finney, Ernest W. Clement, “Bessie” (of Michigan), Mabel Jameson, “One of the Restless Imps,” C. S. Patterson, “Annie and Minnie,” Heman G. Crane, Frederic B. Studwell, Nellie F. Jenkins, Harry F. Griscom, Frank G. Moore, Lucy R. Gillmore, Lily B., George B. McManus, Mrs. A. N. Littlefield, Fannie J. Burton, Mrs. George Copeland, Emily I. Smith, Mary Lucia Hubbard, C. E. Dusenberry, “Sam Sawyer,” H. L. Satterbee, Susie Brent, Ellen P. Smalley, Charlie K. Winslow, Nathaniel G. Parks, Arthur Rose, “Musa” Libbie Van Doorn, Ernest W. Keeler, Kittie E. Young, Janie Seawell, J. McCormick, Laura B. Tuttle, G. W. Tuttle and A. C. Tuttle, Louise King, Jimmie Christian, “Anna” Lyman Baker, Henry A. Krause, Grace E. Rockwell, Carrie F. Judd, Parker C. Choate, O. H. Babbitt and “Leghorn,” S. W. H., Harry Horsland, Mattie Rosenthal, Effie C. Sweetser, Edward C. Powles, Willie P. Siebert, E. R. J., Willie S. Burns, “Claire” for “Fannie and Jamie,” Nellie Beach, Hampden Hoge, Daniel I. Pratt, Theodore M., Willie Axtman, Minnie L. G., Charles H. Pelletreau, Katie Hunter, Henry K. Gilman, Alfred V. Sayre, Stevie H. Whidden, “Bessie” (of Pennsylvania), Annie Moseley, Louis Shoemaker, Allie C. Moses, “Gerty Guesses,” Fred, B. White, Thomas T. Baldwin, Nellie M. Brear, Will R. Barbour, Molie H. Beach, J. Greenough, James F. Dwiggins, L. H. B., Edgar L. R., Mabel Loomis, Clara P. Crangle, Harry M. D. Erisman, Mamie Perkins, “Edgar,” A. Lovell, K. B. Cox, Keriah, Alice R. Cushing, Charles G. Corson, J. G. W., Timm A. Drummond, “Ploomy,” Salie J. Whitsett, Howard R. Lord, Nellie G. Hill, Mary Hopkins, “Nip,” A. L. A.—Y., Bessie De Wit, Charlie and Carrie Balestiers, John Lyle Clough, Harry E. Knox, “Aldebaran,” Louise F. Olmstead, “Hallie and Salie,” Rigely Payne Randall, Roy Wright, Anna W. and Willis M. K. Olcott, Sam Melrose, Kate J. McFarland, Horace Rithey, Minnie S. Horner, S. Van Sandvoord, Effie D. Tyler, Minnie L. Sill, Addie M. Sackett, Lulu S. Lothrop, George H. Hudson, F. H. Briggs, Jennie A. Wade, Nellie P. Clarke, Amelia F. Nichols, L. Whitney, “Fourth Ward,” Georgie Marshall, H. L. C., “Max and Maurice,” “Master Harris,” Ernest and Winnie White, and Annie Lee.

ANSWERS to other Puzzles in May number were received, previous to May 16, from Carrie L. Hastings, Mary Butties, Arthur Goodwin, John Hersh, Julia Bacon, Emma H. Massman, Edith Bennett, F. W. Randolph, Anery Lee, W. E. Birchmore, R. Cromwell Corner, Eddie H. Eckel, Edward H. Saunders, A. D. Davis, Bessie Wells, C. W. Newman and T. T. Baldwin, Edgar Levy, Selina I. M. Long, Johnnie Sherwood, “Kate,” Charlie K. Winslow, Harry McCormick, Jr., Ernest W. Clement, Nathaniel G. Parks, Arthur E. Smith, Estelle Parker, “Mab,” Willie S. Burns, “Claire” for “Fannie and Jamie,” “Typo,” Libbie Van Doorn, “Paul,” Arthur Rose, Nellie Beach, George Barrell and Oscar H. Babbitt, Nellie S. Colby, “One of the Restless Imps,” Frederic Studwell, Harry F. Griscom, Lily B., Edward C. Balestiers, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Horace S. Kephart, Louise F. Olmstead, “Hallie and Salie,” Hattie R., Sam Melrose, S. Van Sandvoord, Minnie C. Sill, Addie M. Sackett, George H. Hudson, Elmer E. Burlingame, Lutie R. Monroe, “Max and Maurice,” Julie M. French, Jennie Grace Douglas, Mima G. Austin, Guerdon and Frank Cooke, S. Walter Goodson, Annie Lee, and Mary Green.

JULY.

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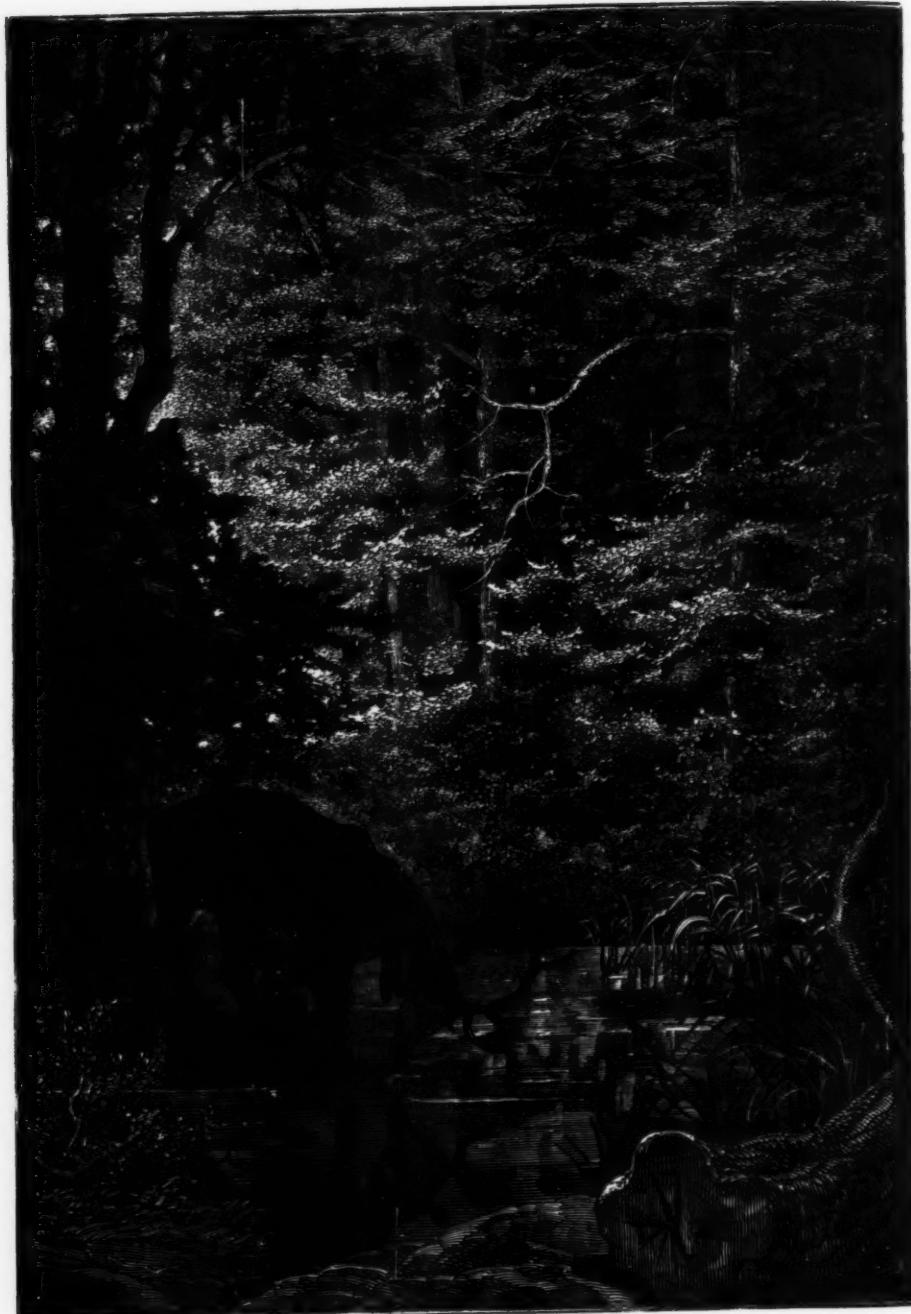
d C.

arie

Sant-

e M.

XUM



THE FIRST LOOKING-GLASS.

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